



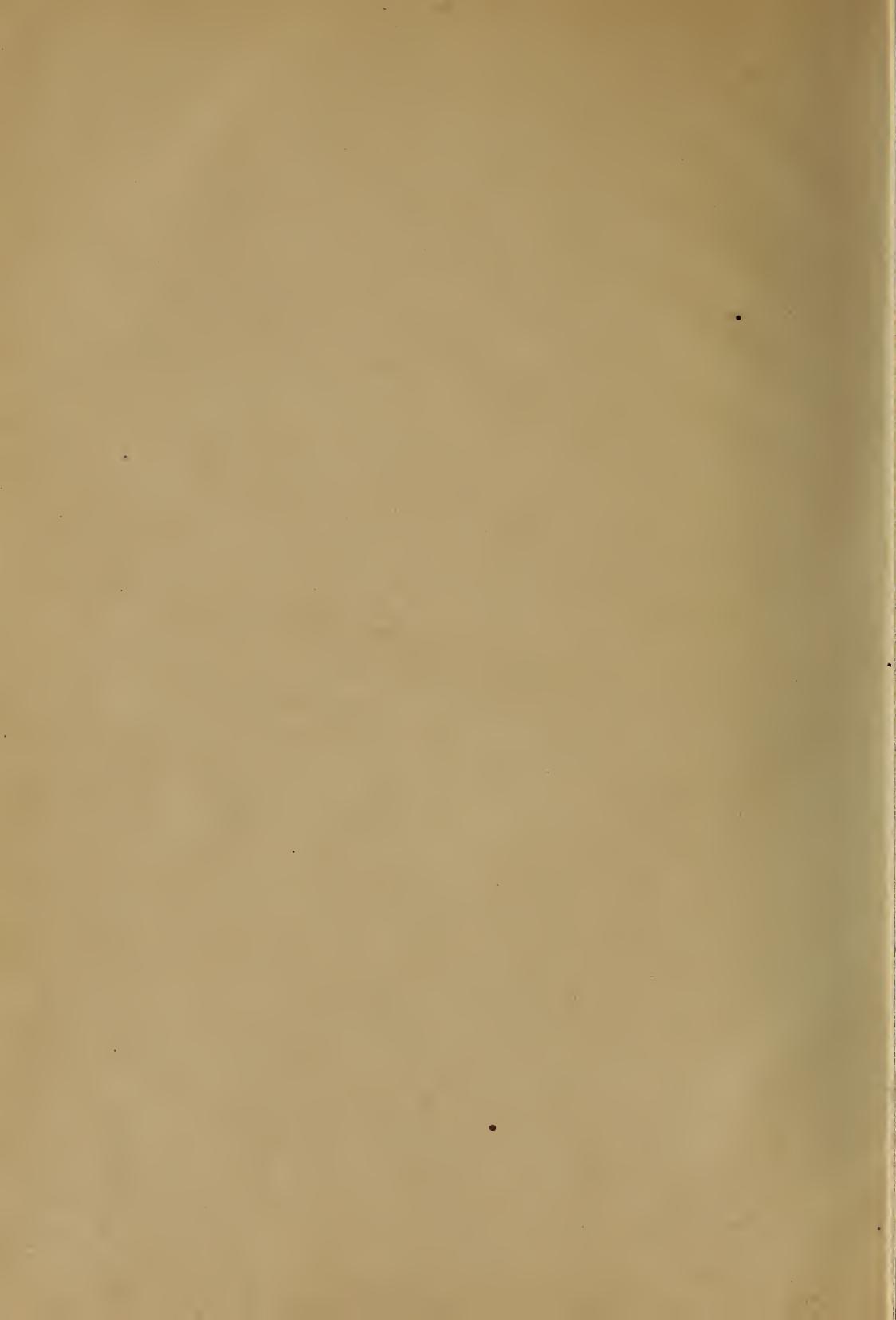
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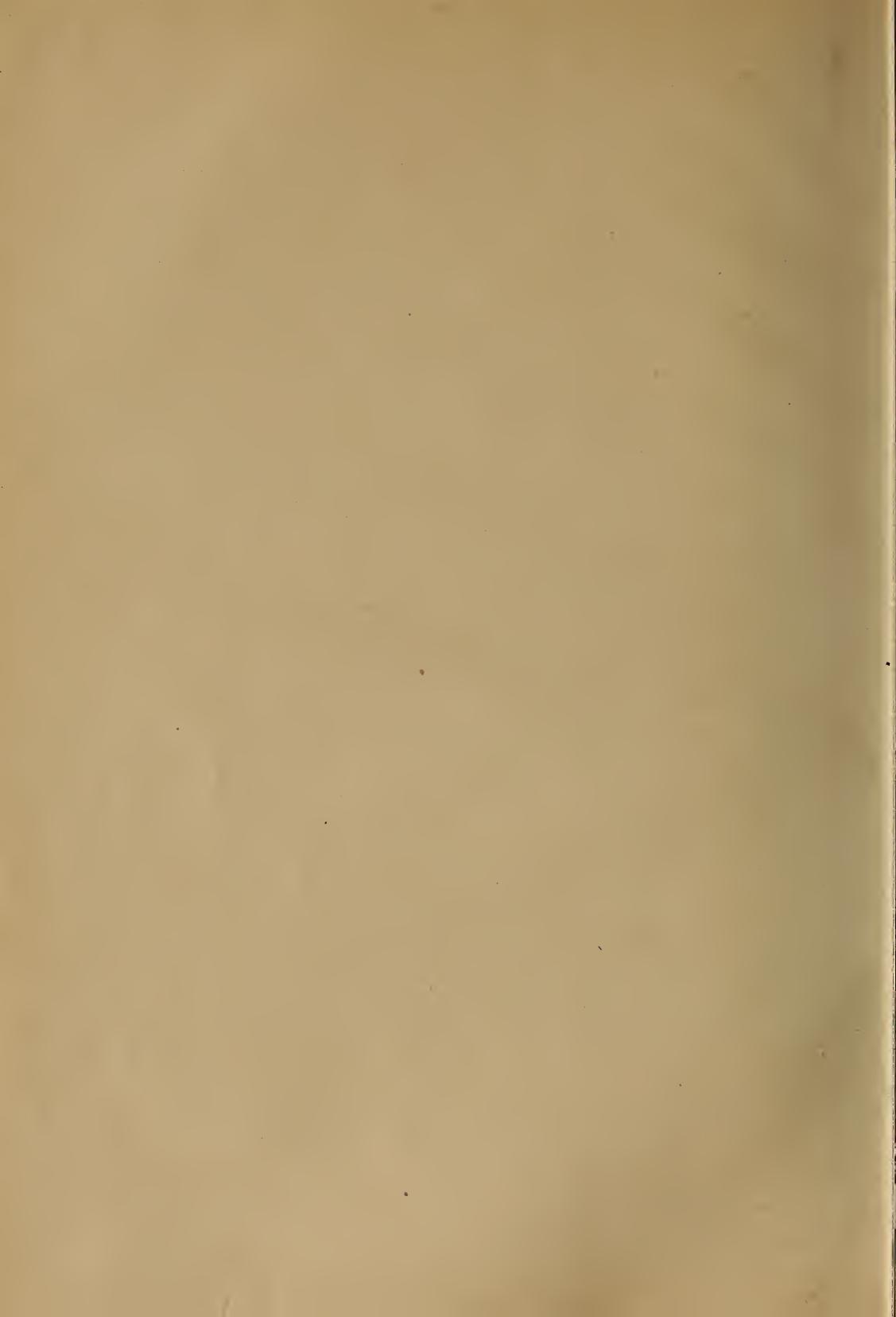
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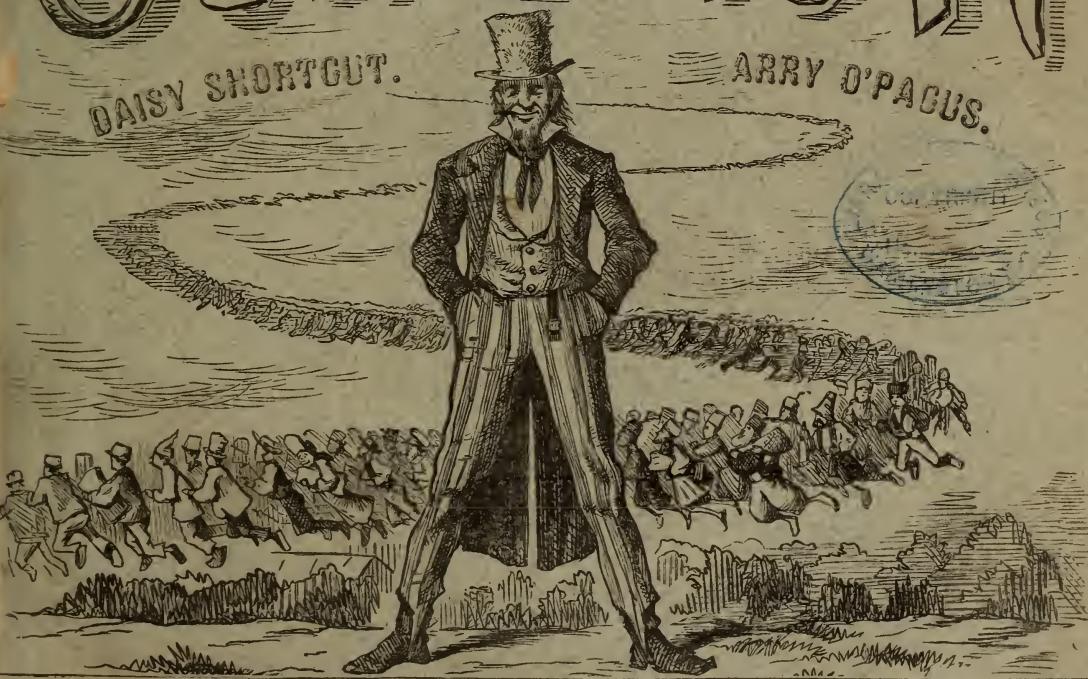
1776 " 1876 "
ONE HUNDRED YEARS A REPUBLIC



OUR SHOW

DAISY SHORTCUT.

ARRY O'PAGUS.



CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

624, 626, 628 Market Street, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.

For Sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From several thousand "opinions," carefully prepared for the use of the press, we select the following. We shall be happy to give the remainder in similar instalments in the future editions of "Our Show."

[Special despatch to the New York Herald.]

"Have just discovered the book on my editorial table—the fun I am still looking for; 'tis harder to find than Livingstone was. The African jungles were tame compared to the general wildness of these pages.—*Stanley.*"

[From the San Francisco Tribune.]

"No library is complete without it—in the waste-basket."

[From the London Times.]

"We admit that the volume puzzles us. We should be inclined to doubt some of the assertions contained within it, even to consider them preposterous, had we not long ago given up any attempt to account for events or circumstances occurring in America."

[From Galignani's Messenger, Paris.]

"We have not read this production in the original, but the French translation assures us that it is a work of grave import. Beneath the simple words there is a depth of meaning and a quiet, dignified tone of determination, which the friends of Liberty would do well to heed. It is a book to be pondered over. The illustrations are by Mons. Jacques Frost, an artist of warm imagination."

[From the Berlin Freie Presse.]

"It is the only book of the kind we have ever seen—thank Heaven!"

[From the Vienna Court Journal.]

"The Emperor has not been seen in public for several days. We learn from reliable sources that he has been closeted in his study, translating, altering, and localizing an American volume called 'Our Show,' to make it appear the official record of our late International Exposition."

[From the Pekin Argus.]

"The Authors are evidently insane."

[From the St. Petersburg Daily News.]

"This, with Sherman's 'Memoirs,' Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' and Mrs. Lee Hentz's 'Woed, not Won,' presents a living argument against those who are in the habit of sneering at American literature. If this work fails to give America a first place in the rank of letters, it will keep her not far from the tail."

[From the Constantinople Leader.]

"It is the joint production of two geniuses. We doubt whether one genius could have written it and survived."

[From the Copenhagen Sentinel.]

"Copenhagen is shaken to its centre. Is Sweden dead? Is the land of the immortal Yywxtlmp sleeping? Has the American Exposition become a thing of the past whilst we are yet preparing for it? or are the authors of this book endeavoring, under the guise of an historical novel, to lay the foundation for poisoning the world in the future with the doctrines of Spiritualism? Philadelphia exchanges call it a 'third term pamphlet.' We have looked through its pages, and though failing to discover what this means, we found one term for which we thank the authors—the termination."

[From the Hong Kong Examiner.]

"Americans should receive a book like this with fervor—once every hundred years."

1776.

JUN.

HUMOR.

BURLESQUE.

1876.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS A REPUBLIC.

OUR SHOW;

A HUMOROUS

ACCOUNT OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

IN HONOR OF THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

FROM INCEPTION TO COMPLETION,

INCLUDING

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDINGS—BIOGRAPHIES OF MANAGERS—RECEPTIONS OF FOREIGN
DIGNITARIES—OPENING CEREMONIES—POEM—ORATION—AMUSING SURVEY
OF ALL DEPARTMENTS, INCIDENTS, ETC. ETC.

BY

DAISY SHORTCUT AND ARRY O'PAGUS.

P.S. Cohen and H. B. Summers
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1876.



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PHILADELPHIA:
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DEDICATION.

AFTER forty days and forty nights of unceasing meditation, we have completed this important contribution to

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It was especially designed for dedication to Mrs. Victoria Guelph, the representative of our mother country, as a pleasing, though tardy equivalent for the real estate confiscated by the boys who ran away

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

But, our far-sighted Secretary of State, an official of the first water, has pointed out to us the impropriety of especially distinguishing one, of the many countries interested in "OUR SHOW;" an action likely to give birth to those bickerings and petty jealousies among the nations which are so apt to lead to grave results.

We desire, above all things, the general good. Under no circumstances would we insist upon anything apt to disturb the peace and harmony of the world; therefore, we select for the honor of a dedication, the private parties we think most deserving,

OURSELVES.

Daisy Shortcut respectfully dedicates his portion of this work to his friend and bottle-holder Arry O'Pagus, and Mr. O'Pagus returns the compliment, by dedicating the outpourings of his colossal intellect to Daisy Shortcut, and, joining hands, they sign themselves,

The Purchaser's

Most Obedient Servants.

PARLOR C, CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA, December 1st, 1875.

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O U R S H O W.

OUR SHOW.

CHAPTER I.

"THE SPARK." . . . HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.



If the late Christopher Columbus, Esq., could have foreseen, as an indirect result of his little excursion in the spring of 1492, the infliction of the following pages upon posterity, Mr. Columbus, very likely, would have stayed at home. Think kindly, therefore, of the dead; let no blame attach to him. Perhaps a few remarks concerning the ancient mariner may prove instructive to the reader. Being both happy and able to impart useful and interesting information, we cheerfully devote a paragraph to the defunct navigator.

The capitalists of our country are familiar with Christo-

pher, principally through a cut of that nautical gentleman which an artistic government has placed upon the reverse side of its five-dollar bills. The elevated cross in the hands of the piratical-looking monk kneeling beside him, has given rise to a wide-spread belief that Mr. Columbus was a bishop or a cardinal. It is our duty to dispel this grievous misconception. He was simply a Brazilian sea captain, who believed there were two sides to every question, even to such a serious question as the world. Having taught Queen Isabella of Spain, who had not then abdicated, how to make an egg stand and drink an egg-flip, she gave him, under the influence of the latter, command of the steamer "Mayflower," with permission to row out and see what he could find. He landed at Plymouth Rock; discovered the city of Boston, first, by special request, being presented with the freedom of THE COMMON by the

grateful inhabitants, and welcomed in a neat speech by Mrs. Harriet Byron Stowe.

Shortly after this, George III. of England commanded that all the male children born in the Colonies should be cast into the Atlantic ocean. He also advanced the price of postage stamps. These injustices were more than the people could stand; they met in Concord, and drove the British out of Lexington. This alarmed George, who immediately passed the famous "stamp act," and telegraphed to Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster at Philadelphia, authorizing him to distribute free rations of postage stamps three times a day. But the wires clicked back the touching refrain—

"Too late! Too late! Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these 'too late.'

Yours, BEN."

Benjamin then convened a job lot of patriots at Philadelphia, and they resolved that these United States were, and of right ought to be, free and easy. Commodore John Hancock, of the Schuylkill Navy, was chairman of the convention. On motion of Robert Morrissey (whose nephew John, late M. C. from New York, inherits his uncle's statesman-like and financial abilities), a bell to proclaim liberty was purchased for the State-House steeple. They practised economy in those brave days, and bought a cracked one, because they got it at half price. It is still in Independence Hall, a monument of our veracity.

The world knows well what followed, and 'tis well for the world that it does. General Cornwallis

finally surrendered to General Scott at the Germantown Intersection. The "Junction" depot now marks the spot. So, dismissing our historical reminiscences, we would respectfully request both the gentle and the savage reader, to imagine, after the manner of the modern drama, the lapse of one hundred years, ere we proceed with the second act.

This century being buried in that popular mausoleum, the vast ocean of eternity, a universally expressed desire to celebrate the nation's centennial birthday in a style befitting its present power and importance, gradually assumed the form of an International Exposition, to be held during six months of the year 1876. Philadelphia was selected as the site, partly on account of historical associations and the proprietorship of the cracked bell, but principally to gratify the inhabitants of the adjoining Dutch settlement, New York.

Congress was naturally appealed to for countenance and assistance. Unfortunately, however, Congress, having bestowed all its material aid upon railroad and steamship subsidies, had nothing but its moral support to offer. Having a large stock of this commodity, it was tendered with the usual modesty and circumspection which marks the action of that body in national affairs. The President was authorized to invite the world to the Exposition—without expense to Congress. Philadelphia was granted permission to hold the Exposition—without expense to Congress; each State was allowed the privilege of appointing a commission—without expense to Con-

gress; and, to be brief, the economic representatives of the people resolved that these United States might go in and have a good time generally—without expense to Congress.

Jubilant with this encouragement, the State Commissioners organized an Executive Committee, which appointed a Board of Finance, and auxiliary committees upon everything and anything, including mining, manufactures, calisthenics, art, science, primogeniture, horticulture, pisciculture, agriculture, infanticulture, and hydrostatics. City committees were constituted. These were jobbed out to wards, and again sublet to precincts, through which domestic juntas were established in every household. Thus the voice of the people woke the echoes of the capitol, and reverberated to the furthest corners of the universe.

The Building Committee immediately contracted with Mr. Richard J. Dobbins (the inventor of Dobbins' electric soap) for the construction of

THE MAIN EXHIBITION HALL.

He agreed to furnish the very first quality of soapstone for the masonry, and to use Castile only, for the girders. The following were the chief points of the contract:—

1st. The building to form a parallelopipedon, in order to secure the choicest location to each exhibitor.

2d. To be thoroughly waterproof. Dr. McFadden of the *Aqua Fontana* department, and several other eminent surgeons, to fill it up to the ceiling as a test previous to the opening. The contractors to take it back if the test proved unsatisfactory.

3d. The walls to be of gutta percha; to be distributed after the closing of the exhibition to the pupils of the public schools for chewing and erasing purposes.

4th. A transcript to meander through the centre of the building, with a knave to right and left. Cucumber pumps of the *Louis Quatorze* pattern on the east and west detours, alternating with eight green cellar doors, to give the same effect and finish which marked the *tout ensemble* of the Vienna buildings. A main curriele on the right to be flanked by iron decades, with arched approaches for bipeds, tripods, and quadrilaterals.

5th. The general appearance of the exterior to favor the Polynesian style, which is replete with architectural beauties. *Fac similes* of the Tower of Babel, Tower of London, Leaning Tower of Pisa, and Tower Hall, to adorn the four corners. The trusses and bandages supporting the roof, to be of purple and fine linen, with brass mountings. The roof itself to be perpetually covered with wet towels, to guard against sunstroke.

6th. The centre aisle to be covered with canton flannel matting, with the grass sloping up to the back door. Nineteen hotel candles to illuminate the ground floor, with a citrate of magnesia light in the attic window.

This extraordinary structure was completed according to agreement, and upon being weighed at the corner grocery, kicked the beam at 1234567890 pounds, 19 shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Dobbins was also entrusted with the erection of

MEMORIAL HALL.

This is a permanent building, so adapted that it may be used hereafter as an Art Gallery or a Station-house. The foundation is not only cemented with Spalding's glue, but the iron posterns run through to China, and are tied on the other side with the back hair of coolies, de-tailed for the service through the courtesy of the Pekin government.

Notwithstanding Mr. Dobbins' immense labors in completing these two buildings, he still found time to run over to Rome and purchase the Colosseum. He brought it home with him for the purpose of exhi-

it grew too big for his State, he removed it to and finished it upon the ground it occupied. The machinery exhibited was worked by forty horsepower, and a neat stable was attached to the rear for the care and accommodation of the forty horses, the contribution of the city passenger railway companies.

All the shaftings were of sandal wood, and the belting of Russia leather, supplied by the family of the Czar himself. An "hydraulic annex" was also tacked on to the building. It contained a tank 60 by 180 feet, with 10 feet depth of water for fishing and bathing purposes. A portion was fenced off for



biting Prince Bismarck and the Pope in gladiatorial contests during the exhibition months.

The contract for

MACHINERY HALL

was awarded to Mr. Philip Quigley, of Wilmington, Delaware. When

the preservation and display of "The Falls," which the hotel keepers and hackmen of Niagara kindly loaned for the occasion. The hydraulic rams and other live stock were watered here every morning, and at stated intervals during the day hydrodynamic and hydrostatic performances were given in the tank

by the pupils of the "Girls' Normal School." The former were very unique.

The consideration for the construction of this building, as per Commissioners' report, was \$542,300, including drainage, water-pipe, plumbing, and silver-plated door knobs, but exclusive of interior whitewashing. This, however, was performed gratuitously by Professor Johnson of the African Commission.

Mr. John Rice, a healthful and nutritious builder, was selected to erect the beautiful

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

which remains a permanent ornament to our park, and an attractive target for the shots of the young idea visiting the locality. The immense expanse of glass will doubtless provide innocent amusement to many generations of young America. May they ever appreciate the kind consideration which placed the building convenient to a line of soft rocks, supplying ready-made boulders of all sizes. We believe, however, that the building is taken in at nights; we know its visitors are taken in during the day. Some idea of its vastness may be given by stating that more than 7000 acres of land are situated around it.

AGRICULTURAL HALL,

being of *papier maché*, inlaid with mother-in-law of pearl, was cut out by steam, and work was not commenced upon it until September, 1875. The pens for live stock adjoining the building were of steel (a favorite material in public edi-

fices), and were a part of the contract. They were fashioned after the manner of the famous floating palace, "Adelaide Neilson," of the Noah family. The plans were furnished by the Shemitic commission from rough drafts now in possession of the descendants of Admiral Noah.

At a late date the

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

decided to erect a few buildings, including a hospital. They thought the latter might come handy in Washington after the exhibition, for resigning officials. When we first learned that the United States had obtained 100,000 feet for their buildings, we thought it another display of persevering frugality. We imagined they desired to save a hardware bill by using the nails accompanying the material. We discovered that the feet merely meant the ground for the buildings to stand on.

As the Grecian government had expressed itself too poor to take part in the Exposition, Mr. Windrim, the architect, was instructed to design these buildings in the shape of a Greek cross. Through this delicate compliment, the land where Sappho lived and sung, was represented after all.

These, with the offices for managers, gas men, stage carpenters, etc. etc., and some national, state, and special buildings, which may claim our attention further on, complete the list of structures erected upon the Centennial grounds for exhibition purposes. Men of all nationalities vied for the privilege of taking part in the glorious work.

The Teuton and Celt underbid the native American; the co-patriots of Garibaldi did still better, only to be put to shame in their turn by a Chinese colony. Ignoring all natural

partiality and national prejudice, the contractors, in a spirit of true republicanism, gave the most work to those who labored for the least money.

CHAPTER II.

"THE FUEL." . . . WHAT THE WOMEN DID.



NATURE always provides for emergencies. The world required steamboats and locomotives, and, lo! a Fulton and a Stephenson appeared to supply the demand. We craved a means of rapid intercommunication, and Mr. Morse sat down and invented his telegraph. We experienced a soaring desire to sail through the air, and George Francis Train stepped forward to inflate our balloons. So, when a lady competent to organize and superintend the workings of her sisters, became requisite to the success of the Centennial project, nature did not desert us. Uprose, as the poet sweetly remarks,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To boss an army or a peanut stand,"

and grasping the banner, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Gillespie became the special partner of the Board of Finance.

Were we about writing a work in twenty quarto volumes, the kind we have been in the habit of producing, we might faintly hope to do justice to the prodigies accomplished by the noble women of America, and especially by our own Philadelphia ladies. What we do write, however, is the result of personal observation. Blessed with female relatives *in esse* and *in posse*, who have been active members of ward committees since the first trumpet tone, we write advisedly; having been

snubbed, sacrificed, and made secondary to centennial enthusiasm for three long years, we write with a proper appreciation of the solemn duty in hand.

The dear creatures travelled up to the State-House steeple; they glanced around upon the situation; they rolled up their sleeves, metaphorically, and swooped down upon the city. They canvassed stores and factories from turret to foundation stone; they invaded dingy counting-houses, and sauntered like sunbeams into dusty offices, collecting subscriptions to centennial stock, peddling centennial medals, and doing irreparable damage to the peace of simpering clerks, blushing salesmen, and susceptible employers. A single case will serve for illustration. Listen to the story of

A POOR YOUNG MAN.



He was an innocent youth, undergoing initiation into the mysteries of compounding and weighing out sugars, teas, and spices at a West-End grocery. A Spruce Street damsel did the cruel deed. She visited the establishment several times in reference to some shares of stock, and her passing glance sank into his soul. His deep, poetic nature de-

manded an outlet for the sacred fire. *Ætna* will burst; *Vesuvius* will explode. *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* were but parlor matches compared to him.

The evening succeeding the lady's third visit to the grocery, a package, neatly done up in brown paper, was left at her residence by a youth who vanished upon the instant. The lady untied the bundle, and discovered an A. No. 1 salted codfish. The following lines, on pink initial note (slightly greased), were fastened to its tail by a blue ribbon:—

"My love is boundless as the ocean,
Deep as its waters my devotion.

This cod, sweet maid, is salt—
Salt is the ocean too;

By logical analogy, therefore, this fish will
prove
Type of my love for you."

Next evening, about the same time, another package arrived, with another poetic sentiment in the same handwriting:—

"I send a can of salmon soused,
'Tis sweetness in the sour;
O, would your smile the salmon was,
In my forlorn soused hour!"

The lady was somewhat puzzled, though gratified. Her father was somewhat puzzled, though not gratified. Their quandary was not lessened upon receiving a third delicate present the next evening.

"I offer my love two pounds of chipped beef,
'Twill be nice for her breakfast or sup;
O the love in my heart's not at all like the
beef—
For, sweet maid, *that* can never dry up!"

"Can't never dry up, eh?" said the old man the following evening, as he pulled on his thickest boots, and took up a commanding position on the front-door step. "Can't never dry up, eh?—we'll see."

But the mysterious messenger flanked him by ringing at the back gate.

“Sweet maid, sweet maid, O pray accept
This jar of pickled onions;
They’ll tell thee of the tears I’ve wept,
And sighs vent by the ton-ions.

They’re round, too, like the planet Earth;
Like earth, my love’s complete;
May this to sweetest thoughts give birth,
When of them you shall eat.”

Another evening came; the old gentleman was again upon the step; the family butcher was sauntering carelessly by the back gate. Alas! in place of the youth, ’twas the grocer himself who called. The butcher did not know him; he obeyed instructions. On the day of the unfortunate man’s funeral these lines were read; they were found in his pocket, and explain the cause of his inopportune visit:—

“Sweet maid, sweet maid, I had a clerk,
A taking youth was he;
I’ve sent *him* up to Cherry Hill,
The *bill*—I bring to thee.”

We will dwell no longer upon this mournful episode, but return to our main subject.

The ladies of the various ward committees did not confine their efforts to canvassing. They worked afghans that nobody wanted, and slippers that nobody could use; purchased desks that wouldn’t open, and pocket-books that wouldn’t shut, and raffled them off at prices as fancy as the goods themselves. They appeared in amateur theatricals and variety shows. Every ward had its Romeo and its Juliet; every precinct its Lady Macbeth and Wellington De Boots. Their acting was wonderful and awe-inspiring. Au-

diences gazed upon them in public with dumb amaze, and wept in private, they knew not why. People began to look upon tickets for amateur performances as Japanese officials regard a polite invitation to “Hari Kari.” Call-boys and scene-shifters at regular theatres set up for luminaries. The demoralization of the drama was complete.

But all these things were mere side dishes, to be mentioned incidentally in connection with the combined efforts, viz.:—

“The Great National Tea Party,”

“The Greater International Tea Party,” and

“The Greatest Patent Loan Office Exhibition.”

It is with a feeling of profound diffidence that we allude to them.

THE NATIONAL OR MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA PARTY.

Under the supervision of their revered sovereign and her executive star chamber cabinet, the ladies transformed the Academy of Music and Horticultural Hall into one grand coffee house and sandwich caravansary. To save the expense of attendants, the aids themselves dispensed tea and coffee, smiles and gingerbread, bewitching glances and ham sandwiches to the thousands crowding the vast saloons. They attired themselves in old-time fashion to look like so many Mrs. Washingtons. Many a family cheerfully sacrificed its furniture covers to array its daughters in the style of costume made sacred by Martha. They stuck little blotches of black court plaster upon their chins, cheeks, and the tips of their noses, to imitate

her venerated pimples, and dipped their heads into the family flour barrel to make their hair look like to hers.

Each ward represented one of the States of our Union, and the rivalry between their tables, though good-natured, was intense. At one table they sold tea made in Martha's china tea pot; at another table they dispensed slices from a pie having its edges scalloped by her false teeth; while a third overtopped all competition and did an immense business, regaling customers with sausage manufactured from the remains of her pet poodle. The aids who dealt out this luxury seemed conscious of the sacred trust. Tears of patriotism dimmed the lustre of their lovely eyes.

They sold nosegays at the price of small conservatories, but pinned them on coat lappels without extra charge. They did more. With apparent cheerfulness, they accompanied male friends to the hall below, where the band played, and with them hopped and skipped, and glided and dipped, as if they were really enjoying themselves, and not sacrificing comfort to love of country.

The pecuniary result of this affair was most gratifying. The Finance Committee kindly acknowledged this fact to its special partner, requesting her to do so some more and keep the ball rolling. Yet still its grandeur was eclipsed, totally eclipsed, by the next great effort.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEA PARTY.

Between the two tea drinkings, however, a *Fête Champêtre* was held

at Belmont, near the Centennial grounds. We wrote to France, Mrs. Gillespie's native land, to find out what a *fête champêtre* meant. Our respected friend Thiers replied. "You go out," he wrote, "to some nice quiet spot. In the evening you hang a few lanterns on the trees, and leaving the other folks to dance, you yourself wander off with some 'nearer and dearer one yet than all others,' to explore the surrounding country, its shadowed nooks and moonlit glens." Of course we went. But somehow everybody else was leaving the others to dance and seeking moonshine. Never before was there such a demand for nooks and glens since nooks and glens were first invented.

The *fête* was a perfect success as far as moonshine was concerned, but not pecuniarily. The caterer of the evening is wearing away his days in an insane asylum. Who cares for Champagne when they can have nearer and dearer ones? Who cares for lobster salad when they can have nooks and glens?

A second tea party, to retrieve the reputation of the cabinet, was decided upon. This time, however, instead of representing only our States, all the nations of the earth were to be typified.

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers;
The world's four boundless continents are
ours.

EMMA R."

were the suggestive lines with which "General orders 197" terminated.

The aids appeared in the costumes which long theatrical usage has established as nationally characteristic. For three successive evenings, a thing of beauty and a joy for Emma en-

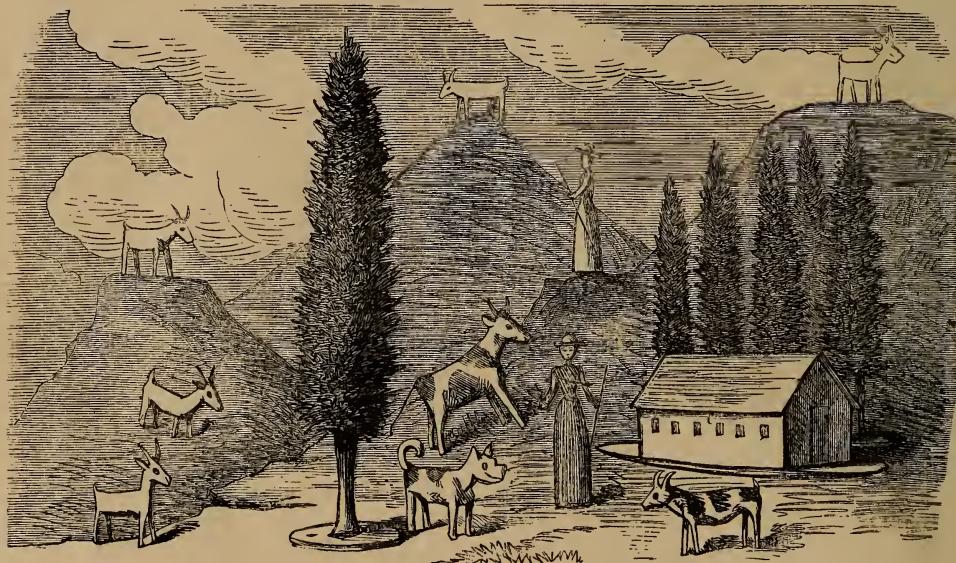
chanted and astounded throngs of visitors, and would have been continued longer had not everybody unfortunately run out of small change.

Each table was adorned by what the ladies fondly believed to be an unmistakable designating peculiarity. One ward went into business with a few yards of glazed paper and a Noah's Ark, and reared up the mighty Alps. Shem, Ham, and Japhet stared blankly into futurity from the storied peaks; old Noah and his wife looked around in a bewildered manner as though wondering what the genesis they were doing in that locality, while their sheep, goats, cows, elephants, tigers, crocodiles, and whales jumped indiscriminately from crag to crag.

by variegated cat skins. He was a little lop-sided, but didn't seem to mind it. He stood serenely upon a looking glass glacier, with tail erect, and the Russian flag between his teeth. The 8th ward (Republic of Lima) made a splendid display of Lima beans, boiled and in soup. The aids were not afraid to say "beans" to anybody.

But the 21st ward (Isle of Man) carried off the prize. This committee had secured, at enormous expense, a live specimen of the native. He was quite docile and harmless; yellow whiskers, and wore eye-glasses. This table was the Mecca to which all the aids flocked when off duty.

Talk about your heroines of revolutionary times! Bah! Do you sup-



An odor of Swiss cheese, from the sandwiches, made the illusion perfect.

The ladies of another ward had ingeniously built a polar bear with an inner structure of rags covered

pose that Moll Pitcher would have donned striped leggings, a gauze flounce, and a sash around the shoulders, and wandered around like the Amazons in the "Black Crook," as did Mrs. Vowl of the 20th ward?

Would Mrs. John Adams, the wife and mother of presidents, pattern of patriotism as she was—would she have put on spangled breeches and a turban of red, green, and yellow with a turkey's feather in front, and trotted up and down the Foyer of the Academy with a bucket of lemon peel and water, calling it “sherbet,” and pretending not to notice the excruciating look which distorted the countenances of the unfortunates inveigled into investing in a glass and then feeling compelled to empty it? To these questions there can be but one response. You shall make it.

The result of this festival was also satisfactory to the Finance Committee and to all concerned. The ladies were encouraged to renewed efforts. They racked their brains searching for a novel idea, and when did women rack in vain? They invented a style of exhibition which produced an effect such as the world had not witnessed since the Israelites emptied out Egypt. The war trump sounded: “Gillespie” was the cry. Special orders 774 were promulgated, and that stupendous conception

THE PATENT LOAN OFFICE EXHIBITION

Astonished and frightened the land.

Everything was to be borrowed; nothing bought and still less paid for. The idea was attractive. A wide field was opened for feminine ingenuity. Each aid immediately locked *her own* umbrella carefully away, and called upon her friends when the weather was cloudy.

The Franciscan Monastery, on Rit-

tenhouse Square, was the largest article loaned to the Committee, they having declined the offer of a Frankford brickyard; and in this



building the exhibition was held. Three beautiful gilded balls were extended from the attic window, and on them the neighboring residents gazed in silent rapture. A great demand was created for articles one hundred years old and upwards. Old pots, pans, and dishes were suddenly endowed with incalculable value. We ourselves worked industriously to produce relics. Our aforementioned relations *in esse* and *in posse*, acknowledged the loan of an old brick into which we had pounded a new bullet, with a fervor which more than repaid our disinterested patriotism. The sweet smile and kindly glance with which they accepted a pair of old army breeches, which we had purchased for seventy cents and riddled with augur holes, haunts us still. Nay, when we attended the exhibition, and saw an old lady reverently kiss a yellow handkerchief, which we had borrowed from an hostler of our acquaintance, and labelled “Lafayette,” we retired to a side apartment and wept tears of joy. We had af-

fended that old lady a gratifying reminiscence for the remainder of her existence.

The Washington family came out particularly strong. In a pavilion in the garden, seventeen aged females were seated. They had nursed little George in his baby days. With undisguised emotion they exhibited 21 cradles, 66 gum rings, 423 hatchets, and half a bottle of soothing syrup, all of which, they asserted, had been the property of the father of his country during his infantile years. They also possessed among them an aggregate of 34,621 buttons, which they had purloined at different times from the dear child's vestment.

This was considered as George's individual contribution.

The remainder of the family were not behindhand. They sent a few of their plates, spoons, forks, ladles, etc.; not many, only about enough to start a first-class hotel. As for family Bibles, they must have had a sufficient quantity to have allowed each member of the family a new one every day of the week and two on Sundays. There were chairs and sofas enough to seat the entire continental army, and about five wagon loads of miscellaneous furniture and chattels. Heavens, what an establishment those Washingtons must have kept!

It would be useless to attempt an enumeration of the wonders on hand

and made to order for this occasion. Suffice it to say the ladies borrowed everything they could borrow, and what they couldn't borrow they—didn't have.

Two rooms were set apart for broken and unbroken china, which (again in compliment to Mrs. Gillespie's native tongue) were called *Bric a brac* apartments.

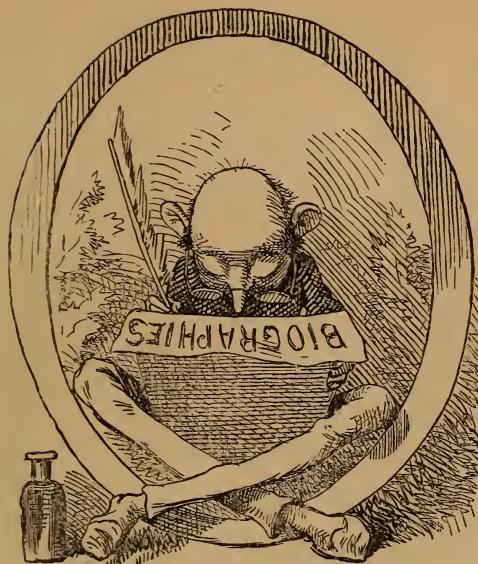
The exhibition was open to the public for six weeks with a table *à la carte* in the dining-room. The net profit was close on to seventy-five dollars.

And after all this work, after obtaining from them all these ducats, what did the centennial magnates say to the ladies?

"Ladies," said they, "we have taken your money; we have urged you to labor; we have induced you, in the person of our special partner, to travel to sister cities to persuade the daughters of our land to make a proper exhibition of their importance and standing in this home of equal rights; but, ah, unfortunately, we shall not be able to allow you any space in our buildings; the old women of China, the aged females of Timbuctoo claim it, and if you want to display that standing and importance we have mentioned, why—ah—here are plans for a building; take them, get up a side show for yourselves, pay for it yourselves, and be—happy."

CHAPTER III.

“THE COOKS.” . . . WHO FED THE FLAMES.



UR record would be incomplete if we failed to insert a few brief biographical sketches of some of the personages prominently connected with the conduct of the Centennial celebration. We regret being obliged to limit the list to a very few of the many deserving of the honor. The facts which we relate in regard to them, have been industriously gathered from many sources probably unknown even to the parties themselves. Should we succeed in awakening one soul to pure aspiring action—should we be the means of placing one pair of feet into those “footprints

on the sands of time” which lead to honored greatness—our labor has not been in vain.

GENERAL JOSEPH NAPOLEON HAWLEY,

the President of the Centennial Commission, was born principally in the State of Rhode Island, but grew so rapidly that his parents soon found it necessary to have him hauled over entirely into Connecticut. Here he flourished and grew fat among the healthy wooden nutmeg groves. He early displayed unmistakable evidences of genius. At the age of seven, he invented a tin lightning rod, and a schoolboy’s improved blowpipe of the same material. For this latter, his teachers passed him a vote of thanks through the medium of a ruler, and graduated him from the scholastic establishment. Shortly afterwards he originated the business of manufacturing paper shell almonds, but sold out advantageously to a near-sighted relative and entered the Artillery school at Brienne, from whence he soon meandered to the military academy at Paris. He instituted the “legion of honor,” won the battles of Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, Wagram, and some few others, and then retired to the monastery at St. Helena. Here he took the veil and several other articles, and leaving, one

cloudy night, worked his passage to London. At this metropolis he mixed freely with the heads of the nobility, opening a hat store and being appointed "hatter extraordinary" to the Queen. He pined, however, for the breezes of his native land, and when Columbia called upon her sons to lend a hand to the Centennial structure, he returned to America and was elected President of the commission.

His bravery and prowess are equalled only by his genial nature and the style of his moustache and imperial. Of him the poet Horace (Greeley) has said,

"Though always ready to smile with a friend,
He never was known to re-treat."

Some of his enemies recently nominated him for Congress. Their sinister designs failed, however, and he will happily remain for some time longer an ornament to society and a credit to his country.

THE HON. ORESTUS CLEVELAND,

Vice President of the commission, was born, when quite an infant, in the State of Ohio. He gave such promise of future greatness that his native city was named after him.

He was the eighteenth child of his parents, and was, therefore, called Orestus. The name was suggested by the friends who had been acting as godparents for the family. He must not be confounded with the Orestes who murdered his ma and was afterwards killed by the bite of an Arcadian serpent; he is quite a different sort of an Orestes.

Through life he has been noted for his culture and refinement.

These qualities he owes to his father's care. The old gentleman made a point of polishing him off regularly twice a week during his youth.

He always displayed a remarkable fondness for school. He could often be found there an hour after all the rest of the pupils had gone home. His teacher was especially fond of him. "Frequently," said she to us, with tears in her eyes, "frequently did I lay him across my knee to more readily display the affection with which I regarded him."

When he was not at school he was engaged in the noble work of repairing and paying for the window panes his companions had smashed; in replacing fruit upon the trees from which they had stolen it, and in going to church and praying for their regeneration.

His manners always continued engaging. Unimpressible police officers have been known to form an attachment for him, the more remarkable as he never encouraged their sociability.

After essaying many learned professions, he finally concluded that his *forte* lay in the profession of being a rich man. He bought a farm near Camden, planted Kelley's patent inflation bill, and raised money in that primitive fashion. After passing the meridian of life in honor and righteousness, the devil put evil thoughts in his mind, and he embraced the legal profession, to which he is still united.

His front elevation is very imposing. His face is somewhat in the Corregio style, with Roman nasal appendage and Grecian earwings, doing much credit to the architect who designed him. He is finished

with a double action expanding chest, with corrugated windpipes, and he stands on two seventeen inch pedestals cased in patent leather. He was on exhibition during the entire continuance of the exposition.

Of the early days of

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. GILLESPIE,

but little is accurately known. Though historians agree upon essential points, there are many of those conflicting side issues which always arise from a multiplicity of traditions. We know, however, that at her birth she was taken under the especial patronage of the Fairy "Book-theopera," who endowed her with all the virtues in that fairy's *repertoire*, and presented her with a beautiful purple pincushion with

"*Welcome, Little Stranger,*"

blazing in the brass heads of the pins which it contained. It is still in her possession.

She has performed many noteworthy deeds in addition to those connected with the Centennial. 'Tis true, she never fooled with asps or indulged in pearl cock-tails like Cleopatra; nor did she act as a spy during the war like Major Charlotte Cushman, but her quarrel with Neptune concerning the right of giving a name to Cœropia (*Horat. 1, od. 16*), deserves as much attention as either of the above performances.

The inhabitants of Taurica offer upon her altars all the strangers wrecked upon their coasts as a mark of their appreciation of her efforts in establishing the American line of steamers (*Apollod. 1, c. 4*, etc.), and though her resentment against Paris

(the son of Mr. Priam) was undoubtedly the cause of the Trojan war, yet the myrtle and the dove have ever been considered her most sacred emblems. Her ride upon the white bull is as famous as Sheridan's ride to West Chester, and her patronage has been so extensively claimed by artists of all sorts, especially such as painters, carpenters, white-washers, and tea importers, that the poets have had occasion to say—

"Tu nihil invita dices, faciesve Mrs. Gillespiebus."

To her, more than to any one other individual, is the success of the celebration due. We have remarked her executive ability, and the manner in which she directed the nymphs of her train, and it is our candid opinion, that nobody could have been found or invented, to fill more perfectly a position involving so much annoyance, so much mental and physical labor, so many petty anxieties, and so comparatively little general appreciation. There are some debts which cannot be paid. We put that owing to her upon the list.

GOVERNOR BIGLER,

the Financial Agent of the Executive Committee, passed his early youth among the vine-clad hills of Bucks County. He was brought up a sturdy farmer's lad. Day after day, in the hot sun of noon, he stood erect in the centre of the cornfield, the terror of the devastating crow.

He was not called "governor" at his birth; his name is William; the former title he acquired later in life when he married a governess.

Willie was very popular in the country school which he attended during the winter evenings. Upon several occasions his master bestowed a cane upon him, which token of desert he received with a few powerful and eloquent remarks and tears in his eyes.

His nature was always affectionate. He would never visit a young lady the second time unless he could kiss her "good-bye" the first time he called.

Artless to a fault, he never knew the use of wigs until after he married, and it is said that he never acquired his second teeth until a few years back.—He couldn't have got them then if he hadn't paid fifty dollars for them.

Despite his gentle nature, however, his physical strength is immense. His prowess in the amphitheatre, his speech to his brother gladiators at Capua, and the able manner in which he defended the wire bridge against Mr. Porsena, of Andalusia, are favorite themes with every American school-boy.

After the revolution he had his sword cut down into a set of shoemaker's tools, and followed the cobbler's peaceful pursuit, until the Centennial committee demanded his time and services. For this he gave up everything. He cheerfully immured himself for a time in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, living on rye bread and wheat whiskey, and enduring all sorts of hardships in his endeavors to collect subscriptions from the Dutchmen of Manhattan. He came home, however, in time to tack the roof on the main building.

Should he again take to mercantile life in our midst, we cordially

recommend him to our friends for "invisible patches." His name will ever be high upon the list of the best beloved sons of the Keystone State.

As

MR. DANIEL J. MORRELL,

the Chairman of the Executive Committee, was changed while an infant in his cradle, and the child of his nurse substituted for him in order to obtain possession of the chateau and estates, we were not thoroughly satisfied that he was entitled to any biography. We called upon him to ascertain what he knew about himself, and were disappointed to find that he was not very well up upon the subject.

We found him a man of fine appearance. He has the eye of a hawk, the nose of an eagle, the hair of a raven, and the cheek of a Colossus of Rhodes—with which he expects some day to start a museum. We informed him why we had called, and at once commenced a list of questions which we had taken the precaution to prepare.

"As a youth, sir, were you gentle, with a sweet disposition?"

"A sugar refinery, gentlemen, wasn't a circumstance to me."

"Were you always gay and cheerful and generous beyond measure?"

"I was."

"Were you ever in love?"

"I decline to criminate myself."

"Well, Schiller loved once, Goethe many times, which do you consider the most natural?"

"The latter, decidedly."

"Were you ever jealous?"

"Once."

"How did you act towards the cause of this feeling?"

"Smothered her with a pillow."

"Oh, then, you could be a Othello?"

"I could be twenty Othellos; but, gentlemen, as this style of procedure is evidently fatiguing to you, suppose I relate my story without questioning, eh? James, a bottle of champagne and a box of those *victorias* for the gentlemen.

"I was born," he continued, "on the Island of Borneo. My mother was a descendant of the noble Italian family of McLaughlini; my father was also of noble birth; he never walked afoot; he always drove a carriage—for the man who owned it. Cast upon the world at a tender age, I went to England and took up my residence on Hounslow Heath—maybe you've heard of the place. Always of a playful disposition, I invented a pretty little game called 'Your money or your life,' which

I taught to all the lonely travellers who passed my neighborhood, to cheer them on their way. They generally used to leave me their pocket books, watches, and whatever valuables they had about them, so gratified were they with my attention. The Royal Family soon heard of me and despatched a regiment of guards to conduct me to London. Naturally modest, I endeavored to avoid this distinction, shunning a meeting with the deputation as long as I possibly could. At last I found myself compelled, as it were, to accompany the party. I was conducted to a grand stone building of immense proportions and solidity of design, in which, apartments had been prepared for me. From thence I was introduced at Court, and, upon the suggestion of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the apartments in the granite building were placed at my disposal for six months, after which time he



"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE."

desired me, in the name of the government, to address a public meeting of citizens and officials from a raised platform, in Newgate Yard, hinting that the address would be followed by my immediate elevation to a high position. My sensitive nature shrunk from this display. Not wishing, however, to offend the gentlemen delegated to attend me, I remained quiet as to my plans for avoiding it until the opportunity I waited for offered. Then, weaving my bed clothing into a rope, I let myself down through the chimney and hurried home to America, without saying adieu to them. They were sorry to lose me, and offered quite a large reward for my return if living, or my body, if dead, designing, no doubt, in the latter case, to give me a grand funeral. But I have ever preferred a quiet private life to the elevation they tendered me. That is all, gentlemen."

"We are obliged to you, Daniel; good morning."

"Good morning: but recollect, gentlemen, I am entered according to the Act of Congress, in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and any infringement will be punished according to law; you understand? Good morning."

THE HON. ALFRED TIMOTHY GOSHORN,

Director General of the Exposition, was born in the State of New Jersey. This was, however, without collusion upon his part, and no one more sincerely regrets the circumstance than himself. His father cruised about the Spanish main, from Burlington to Gloucester. Some folks

called him a free-booter; he was only this, however, when young Alfred misbehaved himself or the tide ran the wrong way. Our hero was a very promising lad. He was ever ready to promise anything. He was of a domestic turn of mind and could generally be found in the vicinity of the kitchen, especially when cakes and pies were in process of preparation. After a course of studies at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Cornell, his parents transferred him to a public school to acquire the arts of reading and writing and the rudiments of arithmetic.

Early in life he joined the temperance movement, but resigned when he grew too big to parade with the cadets. He adopted the profession of the law, and rose as rapidly as a schoolmaster from a tack-lined chair. He was appointed minister to the court of St. James. He preached there until the Saint moved out of the court, and he then took entire charge of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of '44, after which he swam across the Hellespont and returned to Philadelphia.

An aunt in Cincinnati died and left him a large pork sausage manufactory. After entering into a contract with the Philadelphia dog-catchers, he moved West to take possession of, and run the mill. He assumed a leading position in the city's trade, was made president of the Commercial Exchange, and in this capacity was selected as director of the Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition.

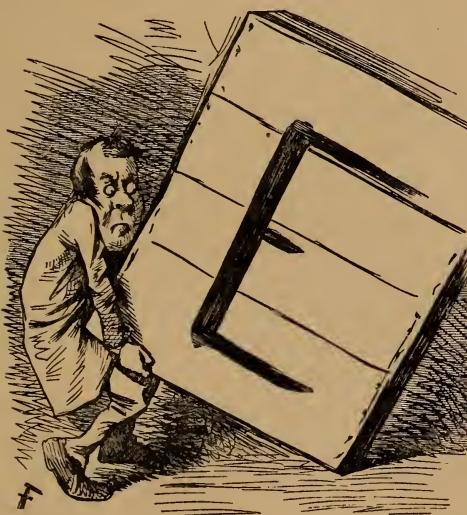
This double experience made him of course the most available citizen to take charge of the Centennial

Celebration. The manner in which he performed the arduous duties of the office, and their effect upon his once robust constitution, may be conceived if the reader will but glance at Gutekunst's latest photograph of Timothy, which may be found, full length, upon the back cover of this volume. He is going into the sausage business again to recuperate.

Taken altogether and without exception, we may feel justly proud of our countrymen and women who labored so faithfully for the honor of our common nationality. We trust our country may be as blessed in noble hearts, generous souls and gifted minds, at her next Centennial Anniversary, and that we may all be here to meet them.

CHAPTER IV.

“THE LOOKERS ON.” . . . WHO CAME TO BE WARMED.



ARLY in 1876 the actual hard work of the Commissioners began. During the months of February, March, and April, they were kept busy day and night, receiving, sorting, and arranging the goods forwarded for exhibition. The Adams Express Company ran its wagons directly up to the back door of the buildings, but as usual left all the packages on the sidewalk. It was a goodly, a grandly beautiful sight, to behold the Director General carrying huge packing boxes upon his shoulders while the dew of honest toil

coursed adown his noble brow, or to look upon the great Orestes heaving bags and bundles to Willie Bigler, who stood in the doorway and caught them on the fly. The boys of the District Telegraph Company stood around watching the exhilarating sight, only finding tongue in their admiring wonder to encourage the gentlemen with kind remarks and well-meant advice. Many Foreign Commissioners were also on hand during this time. To look upon their varied costumes was suggestive of the grand army in a spectacular drama, with the managers short of uniforms; to listen to their varied tongues was suggestive of the building or Babel's tower.

The daily travel to the Park and the vicinity of the buildings was immense. Thousands hurried thither regularly to see what they could pick up. Broken china, Japan ware, German silver, French glass, half Spanish cigars—nothing came amiss.

The Market Street Passenger Railway Company reduced fares to five cents to catch the bulk of the traffic. Next day the Chestnut and Walnut Street line lowered their rates to four cents, carrying bundles free and no questions asked. The Race and Vine Street Company, appreciating the situation, carried passengers for three cents, presenting each one with a chromo of the Bridge across the Delaware. This was but the beginning of the famous tramway war, which continued with variations during the entire Exposition. Before its close the Market Street line was paying passengers seven cents apiece to ride with them, while the newly established "People's Line" presented each patron with four shares of stock and a night's lodging in their spacious depot.

But the city, ah, the city! It really seemed as if everybody who proposed attending the Exposition had resolved to be present at its opening. Every nook and corner, highway and byway, where a tired stranger could rest his wearied head, was engaged, taken up, appropriated; and those dilatory ones who delayed securing accommodations (notably some of the most distinguished guests) were obliged to pay the penalty of their procrastination.

Imagine it to be the month of May. According to a popular fallacy this is the month of flowers and gentle zephyrs; according to Jayne's

almanac it is a first-rate time to take one of his excellent remedies for invigorating the system.

On the tenth day of this month the Exposition is to be opened. The city has cut entirely loose from its Quaker traditions. It is clad in banners, flags, garlands, arches, and emblems. Many private residences are painted to represent the American flag; numerous clothes-lines offer to the breezes various shaped streamers of red, white, blue, and orange-colored flannel. All the lamp-posts have been silver-plated; every telegraph pole has been varnished; every wire enamelled. For weeks the inhabitants have not gone to bed. An ingenious invention in the shape of an inflatable pocket-pillow enables them to take standing naps against walls, buildings, and fire-plugs.

The guns at the Navy Yard continually herald distinguished arrivals. The streets are thronged with citizens, tourists, American and foreign officers and soldiers, the advance guard of every country to be represented. 'Tis like an animated waxwork exhibition. Receptions, banquets, and serenades are of hourly occurrence.

Many side streets are converted into airy lodgings. Families have rented out their door-steps, charging double price when their door-mats are used. A new industry has arisen, and hostlers are deserting the stables to carry shaving water for, and attend to the visitors thus accommodated. It is a common thing, on the way down town in the morning, to pass an early riser making his toilette under difficulties, while a lazier companion snores away complacently with his head against the alley-gate.



TAYLOR-SMITH PHILA.

The seventh day of the month was one to be remembered with pride forever. Early in the day the Chevalier De Lafayette arrived with the gentlemen of the French Commission and secured quarters at the "Guy House." In consideration of his ancestor's great services, the proprietor rated the Chevalier's board at six hundred francs per diem, and as a delicate compliment to his national feelings, assigned him an apartment in the French roof. Before he departed the Chevalier ascertained to his complete satisfaction why this hotel was called the Guy House.

On the evening after their arrival, a reception was tendered the Chevalier and his companions by our citizens. Col. Fitzgerald was selected to deliver the address of welcome on account of his Parisian manners, the elegance of costume which distinguishes him from his fellows, and for his general epileptic fitness. We give a report of his speech copied

from the "City Item" of the succeeding day. We are, therefore, prepared to vouch for its correctness.

"*Messieurs*: God bless you all; you are noble men; we are all noble men; a noble man's the honest work of God. God bless Paris; God bless Philadelphia—they are both noble cities! May He bless the *Champs Elysées*; may He bless the *Column Vendome*; may He bless the *Hotel de Ville*, and, *entre nous*, while we are upon this subject, God bless the *Abattoir*. (Great applause.)

"*Parlez vous, Messieurs* (laughter), I greet you all. I stand before you a relic of the past—of a noble past—of a gigantic past—of a—a—*sacre à la pain et fromage* (increased laughter)—God bless the past! (Cheers.)

"*Ate fif tesix five*: General Grant is a great man; he is a good man; he is a noble man. In his name I bid you welcome. God bless General Grant, our noble President, our Chief Executive. (Cheers and applause of five minutes' duration.)

“The press, *Messieurs*, the press! I represent that gigantic instrument of civilization. I have a family devoted to the press. Should supplies of printers’ ink give out, they would spill their dearest blood to keep it running. *Je suis*, pardon me, *Messieurs*, if I pause to bless them (cries of ‘do,’ ‘do’). God bless them all! *Ate fif tesix five*. (Immense applause.)

“I greet you as brothers, *eau de vie*. I have been to Paris. I have visited the *Pont Neuf*. I have stood on that bridge at midnight, I have gazed at the flowing tide, with the shining stars above me and my family by my side. (Cheers.)

“I have walked along the *Champs Elysées*:—

“Noble walk!

“Glorious promenade!

“I have looked upon the *Column Vendome*:—

“Magnificent monument!

“Sublime creation!

“I have examined the exterior of the *Hotel de Ville*:—

“In short, *Messieurs*, I have been to Paris; ‘tis no more than just that you should come to Philadelphia. (Laughter and applause.)

“Philadelphia and Paris! (Cheers.)

“Paris and Philadelphia! (Cheers.)

“Noble cities!

“God bless you all. *Ate fif tesix five*. (Paroxysmal applause.)”

The Chevalier responded in very fair French. He was attired in his national costume. He wore a Lyons velvet coat trimmed with Valenciennes lace, a white Marseilles vest, and French *papeterie* knee-breeches; his hair was powdered with Paris white. Later in the evening the Commission was serenaded by the German Singing Societies. They executed the

Marseillaise with great spirit and effect.

The same day the junk of Prince Kung, the Regent of the Orphan of the Sun, the Child Emperor of China, arrived in the Delaware. The vessel was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and a band of native musicians discoursed sweet music from the forward poop upon their wooden accordions and pipes of reed. The Prince was a lantern-jawed sort of an individual with a candle-wicked eye. He and his suite were met by a delegation of laundrymen at Poplar Street wharf. Sam Wing, Esq., extended them an invitation to attend an opium banquet next day at the hall of the Bedford Street Mission.

While this reception was in progress up town, the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced the arrival of the Imperial German Commission.

Fifty thousand German citizens lined Walnut Street dock and the floating palaces in the vicinity, and no sooner had Prince Bismarck and his comrades touched land, than they were lifted bodily into several of Bergner & Engel’s beer wagons, which were in waiting. The crowd, removing the horses from the wagons and the bungs from the kegs provided, proceeded to draw both the wagons and the beer. Previous to starting, however, Alderman McMullin, who had been delegated for the pleasing duty by the German Society, spoke briefly as follows:—

“Respected Dutchmen: The proudest occasion of my eventful career is the present—to be permitted to welcome to this new world, this republic of an hundred years, the flower

of the great German Empire under auspices so favorable and inspiring. Not even when marshalling the once famous 'Moya' to do battle with the devouring element, consuming in its fury the massive storehouse, the busy factory, the domestic hearth—aye, and life, dear life itself—not even when the bullet of the assassin found a resting-place within my weakened frame, did I experience the thrill of sublime pride, the glorious impulse of friendship and common humanity, which now animates my being. For know there is between us a bond of sympathy which the boundless intervening ocean cannot sever. William is my name, and it is likewise the name of my respected friend, your honored sovereign. Like me, he is simple in his tastes; like me, he is renowned for his courage and determination.

"I desire that you should carry home with you a high opinion of our manners and institutions, and many, very many, pleasant reminiscences of your visit. I trust we shall meet frequently and become quite sociable during your stay. I invite you all to dine with me to-morrow."

Prof. Max Müller responded, with the accent of a Latin grammar.

"Mr. Mickmullion, and gentlemen," said he, "I thank you for this welcome in the name of the Emperor, his Highness Prince Bismarck, my colleagues, and myself. For years have I desired to visit this country for the purpose of making a geological examination. During your eloquent remarks I have taken the opportunity of analyzing a handful of the soil. To my intense gratification I find it to aver-

age a conglomeration or semi-crystalline gneissoid of dark brown hematite, or, perhaps, a combination of barytes manganese with carbonate of strontia. You will frequently notice that the debituminization of these silicious formations will degenerate in quality—at times ferruginous layers of volatile diorite form component parts. I have no doubt that you, Mr. Mucksquillion, have frequently arrived at similar conclusions.

"So, again thanking you for your kind reception, I assure you I appreciated the finish of your remarks."

Prince Bismarck was then taken in charge by Archbishop Wood, who had a hammock swung for him in the Cathedral. "Unser Fritz," the Emperor, and the commissioners were driven to the German Hospital. They declined communication of any kind, save an underground communication with Bergner and Engel's Brewery. In the evening, however, they were serenaded by the *Société Française*. "Die Wacht am Rhein" was sung with much feeling.

On this eventful day the Hon. Morton McMichael presided professionally at four banquets.

The day following this is also one to be looked back to with gratification. The Irish Rifle Team arrived with the dawn, and was greeted with a beautiful sunrise, very cleverly arranged by Professor Jackson. The team acted as escort to the Prince of Wales and suite. Since his return from India, the Prince had been in rather reduced circumstances. Although scrupulously clean, his coat was somewhat threadbare, and his beaver gave evidence of frequent brushing.

His Highness and suite were quartered at the house of the Spring Garden Soup Society; the team secured accommodations at a first-class livery stable.

These distinguished guests were received by General Franz Sigel, who remarked that he was glad to see them looking so fresh and green; that he liked fresh and green folks to come to this country. He advised them all to come back when they went home and get naturalized. He said that the ladder of Fame was waiting for Irishmen, and all they had to do was to come and climb. He wanted them to carry home a good opinion and leave as a remembrance the contents of their wallets. His remarks were received with hearty cheers.

Wales suffered considerably during the trip over. He says the company of the riflemen completely demoralized him. He might say he was half shot when he was half seas over.

About noon the Spanish delegation arrived in Jersey city. They landed from the ferry boat in high good humor. The commission, composed of the *elite* of Spanish chivalry, included the following distinguished names:—

Senor Concha Maduro.

Don Felix Estra-Maduro (cousin of the above).

Count Flor Del Fumar.

His Highness Reina De Victoria, and

Don Regalia De la Palma.

These gentlemen proceeded quietly and unostentatiously to their rooms on the seventh floor of the Colonnade Hotel. They were waited upon by the leading cigar dealers of the city,

who offered their spacious establishment as headquarters.

Towards night the Duke of Gloucester and Red Bank arrived at South Street wharf. He had an apartment reserved for him on top of the Christian Street Shot Tower, to which he repaired at once.

Pere Hyacinth came on the same vessel, and was taken in charge by the Horticultural Society. They lodged him cosily in the southeast corner of the State-house steeple. He says he liked his lodgings very much, but the rarefaction of the air was such that he could hear his watch ticking all night long.

The Emperor of Brazil arrived at a very late hour and bunked temporarily back of the main chimney of the Girard House.

The following guests registered at the Alms House.

Victor Emanuel of Italy, wife, three masters and three misses Emanuel.

Mr. Khedive, of Egypt, with seven Madames Khedive. Family left at home.

Professor Tyndale,—London.

Joseph II. of Austria, wife and mother-in-law.

General Von Moltke, Prussian Army. (He had unfortunately missed the train which had brought his copatriots, and was very warm upon his arrival.)

Mr. McMichael presided at seven banquets this day, at one of which he read a telegram from Queen Victoria, accepting with thanks the apartments kindly tendered her by Engine No. 10.

Next day, the 9th inst., the city's pulsometer was at fever heat.

Brigham Young and family ar-

rived from Utah per Centennial R. R. special train, forty-four cars. Brigham said he wanted to give the little ones an excursion. They were located under sheds at Point Breeze Park.

On this evening, too, a most remarkable event occurred. During the day the City Solicitor of Philadelphia, who is also a military commander of renown, in addressing a meeting of some of his contemporary warriors, including Bismarck, Von Moltke, MacMahon, and others, remarked that he would meet them upon the morrow at Memorial Hall, during the opening ceremonies. Immediately a special meeting of city councils was convened, and the following preamble and resolutions presented and unanimously adopted.

“ WHEREAS, An International Exposition was held at Vienna, in the year 1873; and WHEREAS, upon the day the City Solicitor of Philadelphia carried into effect his predeclared intention of visiting said Exposition the roof of the buildings fell in, doing great damage and causing great excitement; and WHEREAS, the same City Solicitor has announced his purpose of visiting our Centennial buildings to-morrow; and WHEREAS, it is our bounden duty to provide against the occurrence of any like disaster to our International Exposition, and especially from the same cause which affected the Vienna affair, be it hereby

“ RESOLVED, That the interests of the Exhibition demand the incarceration of the individual above alluded to.

“ RESOLVED, That he be immediately placed in irons and confined

in the vaults of the Knickerbocker Ice Company until the close of the Exposition.

“ RESOLVED, That every attention be paid to him in his confinement, and that the Knickerbocker Ice Company be allowed \$93.77 per diem for his support and the ice required to keep him cool.

“ RESOLVED, That he be produced for one hour each Wednesday morning at the Supreme Court Rooms, to deliver opinions on municipal affairs, that the city may suffer no more than necessary from this unavoidable action.

“ RESOLVED, That he be supplied with the ‘Times’ newspaper daily, and be allowed unlimited rations of lemons, sugar, and whatever liquid he may desire, to mix with his ice.”

At four o’clock in the morning, the subject of these resolutions was awakened from his innocent slumbers and hurried into a Knickerbocker ice wagon by detectives, with black masks over their faces. He struggled bravely, but—*pro bono publico—principiis obsta.*



CHAPTER V.

"THE CRACKLING." . . . PREPARATIONS FOR THE BLAZE.



Shortly before daylight a very curious incident occurred—fortunately it ended happily.

The Shah of Persia, his son John, and the Sultan of Turkey, arrived together at Broad and Prime Street Depot. The city being weary of receiving dignitaries, no official and but little private notice was taken of their arrival. They jumped into a Union Line car. Unthinkingly, the Sultan put a dollar bill into the "Slawson box," and then demanded his change from the conductor. Of course, the conductor was unable to open the box, and refused to give it to him, telling him he deserved to lose it for his stupidity. The Sultan became furious.

"My change," he cried; "I want my change, and I'm going to have it; seven cents for me, seven cents for the Shah, and four cents for little Shah, that's eighteen cents; give me eighty-two cents change. You can't cheat me, you swindling Americans!"

Again the conductor refused and remonstrated; the Sultan was perfectly wild with rage; he drew his scimetar, and caught that conductor by the throat, and there would certainly have been an immediate vacancy for a conductor on the Union Line, had not Mr. McMichael been just then returning from a late banquet. Mr. McMichael, being a sportsman, was thoroughly conversant with wild turkey gobble; he smoothed matters over. He refunded the eighty-two cents from his own pocket, took the

HE morning smiled bright, and the mist rose on high, and the lark whistled "Hail Columbia" in the clear sky, on the tenth day of May, 1876, the day set apart for, and consecrated to, the opening of the Centennial Exposition.

Old Probabilities himself was in the city, with his weather eye open. Early in the morning he fixed the barometer in front of McAllister's at "set fair," arranged the thermometer at 65°, and engaged a refreshing southern breeze to be around lively during the entire day. After this he ate his breakfast, enjoying a quiet conscience and a correspondingly good appetite.

Eastern monarchs home with him, and afterwards secured them a bed



in the coal cellar of the House of Correction, apologizing to them because they were obliged to share it with Mr. Carlyle, the English essayist.

The Egyptian Sphynx, kindly loaned by the Khedive, also arrived in the morning, and was at once placed in position on Belmont Avenue. We regret being obliged to record the disgraceful fact, that it was entirely carried away in small bits by relic fiends before night. The Khedive immediately presented a bill of damages to the President, and levied on the Exhibition buildings *in toto*, the Capitol at Washington, and Mayor Stokley's house on Broad Street. Happily the matter was amicably settled. The President promised the Khedive that Congress should have a new Sphynx made for him, a much better one than that destroyed, of bronze, and with all modern improvements. The order was subsequently given to Messrs. Robt. Wood & Co., of Phila-

delphia, and before the close of the Exposition they shipped to Cairo a bronze Sphynx, which will certainly add greatly to the attractions of the desert. We doubt not that the Messrs. Wood will receive orders for bronze Pyramids, provided they will take the old ones in part payment.

The proprietor of the *Public Ledger* was so pleased with the Sphynx which our Philadelphia firm turned out, that he immediately ordered a duplicate for his back garden. He also composed the following touching lines for the poet's corner of his journal. A copy of them, translated into Egyptian characters, was sent to the Eastern potentate with the Sphynx:—

"Egypt had a little Sphynx,
It was her pride and wonder,
She sent it to Amerikay,
Where it was knocked to thunder.

This 'affliction sore, poor Egypt bore,
Her grief seemed all in vain,
Till one as good was made by Wood,
And Egypt smiled again.

Gone to take the place of the
ORIGINAL ONE."

The great feature of the day was

THE PROCESSION,

the march from Independence Square to the Exposition grounds. We shall endeavor, in brief style, not to do justice to, but to give some slight account of the grandest pageant which any nation has yet witnessed in its midst.

The immense body, consisting of representative military from every nation under the sun and in the shade, was divided into two hundred and forty divisions, each with a commanding general and aids.



THE MODERN SPHYNX.

General Joseph E. Johnston, of Georgia, was to have been Grand Marshal. His uncle Andrew being dead, unfortunately, he was obliged to have his only military coat repaired by a tailor who was not punctual, and who failed to express it to him in time. General Butler, of Massachusetts, however, who happened to have two coats with him, very kindly loaned one to Johnston, who appeared in the afternoon. Attached to the back of the loaned garment was a neat show-card, bearing this inscription—

ANOTHER BRIDGE
ACROSS THE
BLOODY CHASM.
THE TRIBUTE OF
MASSACHUSETTS
TO
GEORGIA.



The General was lustily cheered wherever he went, and General Butler was the subject of more praise during this day, than during any portion of his life subsequent to his occupation of New Orleans.

The position of honor, the First Division, was given to the Philadelphia regiments by a unanimous vote of the generals of divisions.

Col. Hill and Dale Benson led off

with his command, which appeared for the first time in its new uniform. The immense black fur muffs, which the members borrowed from their sisters and wore upon their heads, gave them a very ferocious appearance, though most of their noses were completely hidden from view. Company "C" attracted particular attention. It had adopted a new "hop" for marching, which was both graceful and unique, though evidently fatiguing.

The "State Fencibles" turned out in fine style. With their accustomed liberality they presented arms to all the pretty girls they met on the way. The "City Troop" brought up the rear of the division. These warriors were arrayed in all their awful panoply of war—white ties and white kid gloves, with gold *vinaigrettes*, containing salts and extracts, dangling from their belts. Their horses were also supplied with *vinaigrettes*, which they sniffed occasionally in lieu of their usual odor—the smoke of battle. The Troop carried a magnificent banner, inscribed—

FIRST IN PEACE—FIRST IN WAR—
AND
FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF THEIR
Countrywomen.

And, on the reverse side—

PRESENTED TO THE
CITY TROOP OF PHILADELPHIA
BY THEIR
LADY FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS,
AT THEIR
FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC,
SCHUYLKILL FALLS PARK, JULY 1, 1872.

The Pennsylvania Veterans, G. A. R., marched in the centre of the

Second Division, and a moving incident occurred as they passed by the Mint near Broad Street.

The first distinguished warrior to appear was Colonel Mann, the hero of 70007 fights, mounted upon the gallant steed which had borne him safely through them all. Along the route, his iron front proudly erect, his bronzed and battered features flushed with the nobility of a natural pride, he was greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled thousands. Maidens from beyond the seas—officers (no mean heroes themselves) from the armies of the old world, joined in the gracious tumult. One bald-headed veteran (a Marshal of the Windsor Castle Guards, who had lost a leg at Balaklava, an arm at Waterloo, an eye in the Crimea, and who expected to distribute the rest of himself upon various other battle-fields before he died) turned to the Chevalier De Lafayette, who with Senator Sam Josephs occupied the barouche with him, and asked—

“Who is passing, Chevalier, that the people appear so excited?”

“*Quely vous motre dio*, do you really not know?” exclaimed the Chevalier, “Zat is, *graciosa poverisi*, zat is ze Kunel Mann, *pardieu*, ze great Kunel Mann.”

“What!” shouted the veteran, and pulling from his coat the diamond order of “St. George and the Dragon fly” which blazed among a hundred others upon his breast, he rose in his coach and flung it gracefully to the Colonel, who caught it quite as gracefully upon the fly. At this moment a great shout arose. The populace imagined that a shot had been fired at the Colonel, that an

attempt had been made to assassinate their pet hero. The mob rushed for the carriage which contained the veteran, with cries of “kill him,” etc. etc. The Colonel took in the situation at a glance. Rising in his stirrups he spread wide his arms to show he was uninjured.

“Hold,” he shouted, in that same voice of loud and deep toned beauty which oft had brought the briny tears to eyes of hardened criminals in the dock, “Hold; he is my friend: he has given me this badge (‘Cape May diamonds,’ he added *sotto voce*); who touches a hair of his bald head, dies like a dog—march on,” he said.

The cries for vengeance changed to wild cheers of joy, and the procession moved on.

The Foreign Divisions followed the Pennsylvanians in rotation adopted by lot. The Caledonian club was a marked feature of the English Division among which it was numbered, being the only representation from Scotland. The members appeared in full Highland costume, kilt, sash, and checker-board stockings. The chiefs danced the Highland Fling all along the route to the inspiring strains of the regimental bagpipes. The company of Orangemen with their Lemon aids was also a part of this division; they were commanded by Col. Terrence McDougall.

The brigade of French Chasseurs in the Fifth Division, commanded by Marshal Benzine, presented a splendid appearance, and wore the strings of doughnuts which were thrown around their shoulders with a truly fascinating French *abandon*.

The “French Lancers,” in the

same division, danced the quadrille named after them at each lamp-post along the line.

A number of survivors of the late French war were carried along in Sedan chairs. This must have been a sad sight for Frenchmen. We are not Frenchmen.

The German Landsturm soldiers were artistically decorated with pretzels and oranges. Their division was preceded by the Emperor William and his family, drawn in one of the ambulances of the German Hospital, the horses being appropri-

ately decorated with German and American bunting.

The Austrian Grenadiers (division seventy), carried a miniature hydrant, emblematic of temperance; also an open Bible on a velvet cushion.

The Centennial managers were somewhat annoyed by the appearance in line of a commission from the African interior, which insisted on taking part in the procession, or eating the Director General. They marched along in their native costume, consisting of a skewer through their back hair.



Of course *they* were not aware of anything out of the way in their get up, but Mr. Goshorn said that rather than have the thing occur again, he would sacrifice himself on the altar of propriety, and be eaten. His brother commissioners encouraged him in this resolve.

Immediately after the Foreign Divisions, came the "National Centennial Guards," formed of companies from the thirteen original States. They were headed by Generals Grant, Sherman, Butler, and Hartranft, and were followed by the Centennial Commissioners in barouches.

The Commissioners were paired off with foreign civil dignitaries and potentates. The Prince of Wales was inveigled into a carriage with two of our city officials: he left for home next day. Queen Vic-

toria (his mother) enjoyed the society of the Chief of the Fire Department: she remained until the close of the Exposition.

One carriage was cheered vociferously. It contained Vice-President Wilson, Mr. Jefferson Davis, Simon Cameron, and Robert Toombs.

The American divisions, which included companies and regiments from every State and city in the Union, succeeded the barouches. A great many of these organizations brought their own bands with them, or as the saying is, "blew their own horns," but many others depended upon the well-known musical resources of Philadelphia. They discovered that delays were dangerous. They had to do the best they could.

The "Duquesne Greyhounds," of Pittsburgh, were preceded by Signor

Maccaroni's band—two harps and a female violinist, while the "Charleston Fusileers" were obliged to fusi-leer to the strains of seven jews-harps, kindly volunteered by juvenile American talent.

A noticeable company was the "Palmetto Guards," of South Carolina, dressed in dusters and straw hats, and bearing palm-leaf fans. The "Ancient Artillery," of Boston, thorough sons of guns, every man of them, also attracted much attention. Their step was the Boston glide.

The "Norfolk Blues" and the "Virginia Carbuncles" entered upon the march with highly polished rifles and well filled canteens. Their rifles were still highly polished when the march was over.

The "Seventh Regiment," of New York, composed entirely of officers, was much applauded. Its discipline was apparent in its style of marching and the waxed moustaches of its members.

The brigade of American Indians was under the command of General Sheridan. The warriors were conveniently and economically uniformed in blankets. Each chief had his initials plainly visible upon the corner of his blanket. By a strange coincidence, almost a fatality, the initials of the name of every man in the brigade were the same letters—U and S.



The "West Point Cadets" were also in line. They made a peaceful

and pleasing show with their little tin swords and wooden guns. They looked very neat too, clean faces and well-brushed hair showing that they were tenderly cared for. Their jackets were buttoned tight up to their necks. The ladies were charmed with them, and "little dears," "sweet, ain't they?" were the expressions heard on all sides. Much sympathy was expressed for them on account of the great length of the route—entirely too long for children to traverse. The cadets were to have remained during two weeks of the Exposition, but they got to eating unripe cherries from the trees in the Park, and falling into the Schuylkill River, so the Commissioners were compelled to send them home.

The "Naval Cadets" were marshalled under Secretary Robeson. This old salt was arrayed as Neptune, with a trident in his hand, and a crown of real sea-shells upon his aged, weather-beaten brow. The cadets were taken care of during their stay by a file of marines.

The procession started at 10 o'clock, and by two P. M. one-half of the main body having passed the Continental Hotel, the head of the procession reached Memorial Hall, while the tail was wagging here, there and everywhere, about the sacred shadows of Independence Hall.

At Memorial Hall, amid the salvos of artillery, the pealings of bells, and music of the band; the hymns of the singers, and the cheering of the vast, innumerable multitude, the

CHAPLAIN OF THE UNITED STATES
SENATE

ascended the decorated pulpit.

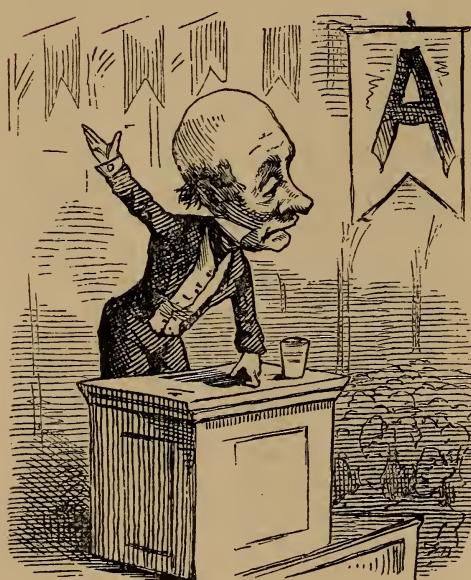
Mayor Stokley stepped forward. Tear-drops glistened in his translucent orbs. He raised his arm; his hand, so used to threaten and command, implored silence. In a single moment the firing ceased, the bells

pealed no more; the last echoes of the hymns were carried heavenward upon the gentle breeze; the people ceased shouting, and a holy, solemn silence reigned supreme.



CHAPTER VI.

“THE FIRE” . . . WHO FLARED AND HOW THEY DID IT.



MID this profound silence the Chaplain proceeded to inform the Lord for what purpose that great concourse of people was assembled.

He intimated that as “the earth was the Lord’s and the fulness thereof, and as the United States of America formed a part of the earth, and its citizens frequently gave evidence of the fulness thereof, it was eminently proper that He should not be kept in ignorance of its doings.”

He quoted freely from Scripture to convince his hearers that man was not all-powerful, but that, sooner or later, he must needs

leave country, home, greenbacks, office, and corner lots behind him.

Alluding to the nations of olden time, he aired his classical learning. He informed his hearers that Greece and Rome were not now exactly what they had been, and mentioned likewise that Romulus and Mr. Julius Cæsar had both been dead for some time.

He also remarked upon several interesting historical facts of more modern date, which he seemed to think might possibly have slipped the memory of the angels,—namely: that a number of European countries were governed by potentates; that some of these had not been all that virtuous, peace-loving men could have wished them; that an assembly of individuals had pronounced freedom to be the prerogative of all mankind;—then, after commanding Mr. Grant and his cabinet, Mr. Stokley and his city council, Mr. Goshorn and his associates, to the good graces of the

heavenly host, he complimented that body on having the truest republic yet organized, and retired gracefully from the pulpit.

The orchestra of ten thousand selected musicians then executed Haydn's magnificent "Oratorio of the Creation," after which Mr. Ulysses S. Grant, who as President of the United States was chairman of the meeting, arose and made one of his powerful and eloquent addresses:—"Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I hope I see you well. I am glad to see so many of you around me on this occasion. It is a very pleasant occasion. Like the century plant, it blooms but once in a hundred years. A good many of you, who I see around me on this occasion, will not be around when it comes around again. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the manner in which you have received me, and I will make room for a longer winded man than me. I hope you will listen to him with attention. I thank you again, and hope you will all enjoy the exhibition. Allow me to introduce to you the orator of the day, selected by the Centennial Executive Committee."

The building shook with the applause of the assembled multitude, and when the clamor had subsided, the orator began his address in a stirring appeal to

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

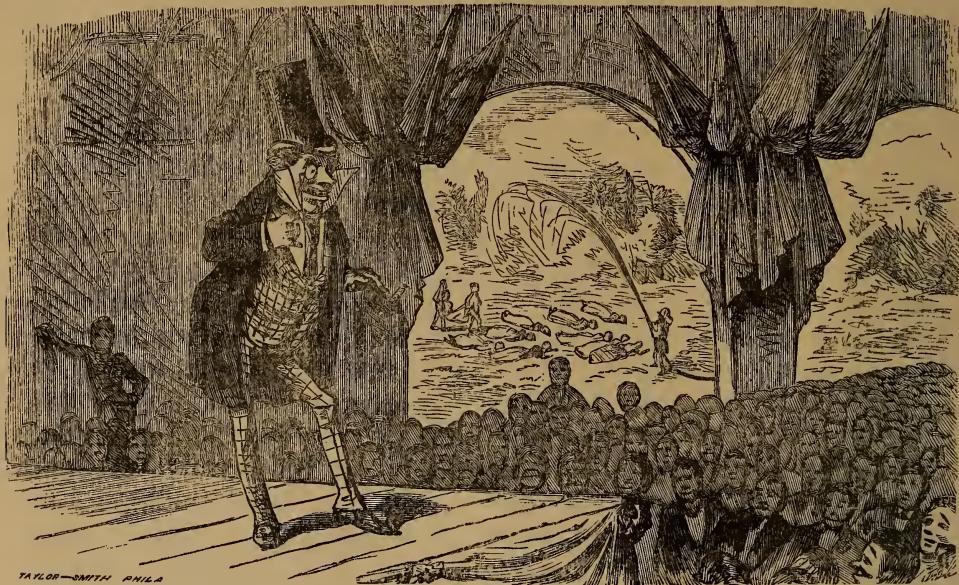
"Ring out, ye bells, ye harbingers of liberty, ring out! The world is hushed to listen to your joyful pealings,—the heavens open and swallow up your golden sounds! From where the sun first breaks upon Columbia's

slopes to where the rain-drops thunder in supernal night,—where eagles scream and dash their pinions 'gainst the crags and peaks which blaze in midday splendor,—where, rushing through the crimson sky, they swell the notes which drown the shrieking gale, and flashing arrows of electric light, piercing the groaning depths of chaos, echo beyond the shadow of eternal hills the cry of nature's soul, the thrilling anthem—LIBERTY!

"It is our throne—the pedestal on which our building rests! a century agone its bed was hollowed out by pithy arms, now resting in the dust. Oh sturdy hearts! Oh honest hands! Beyond the boundaries of space and time, where Nature's seedlings bud, and waters gather in a mighty deep, to thee, to thee we look through tears we dare not hide, and glimmering in the phosphorescent radiance of a holy past, we cry aloud, and loud the answer comes. The waves dash high, the breakers roar, the bright bow spans the clouds above, when lo, forth springs in brilliant splendor, our flag—the emblem of our dearest hopes,—our pride, forth springs in glorious purity, our flag,—the stars and stripes,—the flag of Adams and his son John Quincy."

At this stage of the proceedings, four hundred ladies uttered a simultaneous scream and fainted. The gallant orator, descending from the rostrum, helped to carry and lay them upon the greensward without, where members of the Fire Department promptly saturated them with a portion of the Schuylkill River. Then, taking a hasty draught of Bowers' Centennial Mead, the orator re-entered the hall and resumed his

address. Not one of the audience had left—during the interim they had been nicely entertained by the Director General (always prepared for emergencies), who gave them a comic song and dance.



In resuming, the orator alluded to the Garden of Eden. He explained how the "S" became added to the name of Adam, and drew a pleasant word picture of the illustrious founder of his family in his fig-tree suit. He spoke for two hours in an interesting manner, and concluded.

The chorus then joined in the national anthem, "Pop goes the Weasel," after which the

POET OF THE OCCASION,

America's sweetest singer, who touches with his gentle hand the

heart-strings of the world, waking them to musical response as pure and truthful as his own blessed soul, stepped forward, and read his original poem, which will live forever, a mile-stone of the nation.

The people listened with rapt attention to the words of the honored bard. He seemed inspired; his voice was full, and each syllable he uttered reached every corner of the immense building. We caught the words and pinned them to our note-book in phonographic characters as they were given birth, and we reproduce them here complete and unabridged.

A SONG IN TWO VOICES.

First Voice.

The silent horologe of time, which varies never,
 Hath swept into the bosom of that sea
 Pulsating 'gainst the rock "Eternity,"
 The life-blood of an hundred years,
 Forever and forever !

But crimson blood upon the Ocean's wavelets, never
 Content beneath the surface smooth to hide,
 Will traces leave enrubyng the tide,
 Till earth in chaos disappears,

Forever and forever !

We gaze upon a restless sea, which quiets never,
 And read as on a changing, moving scroll,
 The nation's living, cryptogamic soul,
 Which Death's dark lantern lights and clears,

Forever and forever !

They are our own, these dead we look upon, though never
 Have we full guessed the good which passed away ;
 To know what we were losing day by day,
 Would be, methinks, to live in tears,

Forever and forever !

Then listen, brothers, for my failing voice may never,
 Be heard again throughout our fatherland ;
 And e'en the pen drops from my feeble hand,
 As my long journey swiftly nears,

Forever and forever !

List while I read to you the graven tale, which never
 May be all told by these poor lips of mine,
 For coming ages still add line to line,
 Till earth no longer heeds nor hears,

Forever and forever !

Second Voice.

Speak, speak, thou dismal guest,
 With gloomy thoughts oppressed,
 Speak quick and give a rest,
 To those who hear thee:

Much pleased we've read the lays,
 Writ in thy youthful days,
 Giving no stint of praise,
 Aiming to cheer thee.

Proud of thy fame are we;
 Therefore most graciously,
 For what it's worth will thee,
 "Our poet" christen:

Long, long will live thy verse,
 As will, too, much that's worse,
 And if thou wilt be terse,
 Brother, we'll listen.

First Voice.

In the old colony days in London, the chief town of England,
 In the cellar which runs to and fro 'neath the Parliament building,
 With a pipe in his mouth and a match in his hand, made of sulphur,
 On a keg of dry powder was seated Mr. Guy Fawkes awaiting the signal.
 Above was King George with a sword in his hand at a table,
 Drinking green tea, which he always had made "with a stick,"
 While up by the urn, stood a beautiful Puritan maiden,
 With sweet, smiling eyes like the bloom of the bluebells in summer,
 Who opened her mouth, and with laughing lips uttered this question,—
 "My liege, would you like just a little bit more of gunpowder?"
 Guy Fawkes was discovered and hung, and his body was cast in the
 Tiber,
 King George wasn't blown up just then—but not many years after,
 His tea was the match which ignited the spark, and gave him some few
 more gunpowder.

Second Voice.

Tell us not in furlong numbers,
 What we know as well as you,
 Though you've got things mixed up "somewurs."
 King George wasn't Cromwell too.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
 And we fear, if you intend
 To go on old tales repeating,
 We shall never reach an end.

First Voice.

Kajo, kajo, mudjekewiss,
 Jeebi ishkoodah jossakeed,
 Shinghé, shingebis shah shuh gah;
 Chibiabo bukadawin,
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
 Totem totem ahkosewin,
 Minehaha, haha, haha,
 Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha.

Second Voice.

Thank you, sir.

First Voice.

Nation of our hopes and prayers,
Time steals by us unawares,
Gravestones seal our joys and cares.

We must leave thee whilst thou'rt young,
Whilst the bell for freedom rung,
Echoes still from heart to tongue :

Standing on Oppression's tomb,
In thy youthful beauty's bloom,
Monument of tyrants' doom ;

Gazing with a lofty pride
O'er thy hearthstone, boundless, wide,—
Oceans washing either side ;

Towns and cities, hills and vales ;
Earth with joy thy Queenship hails,
Seas and rivers bear thy sails !

Fair Columbia, we must go,
Far beyond thy oceans' flow,
Far beyond thy mountains' snow ;

Other sons will 'bout thee rise,
Love thy blue and starlit eyes,
Love the white thy life flow dyes :

May their hearts' love never leave thee,
May they dream no thoughts to grieve thee,
Never of a star bereave thee ;

May the olive in thy hand
Spread until its branches grand
Shelter safely all thy land ;

And as days and years are told,
May thy brilliant flag enfold
Strength which never groweth old.

May the world beneath the sun,
In the freedom thou hast won,
See a boon denied to none.

For a gift from God thou art,
Misioned bravely to impart
Sunshine to the sunless heart.

This poem was telegraphed, word for word as spoken, to the "New York Herald," appearing in that sheet next morning. From its columns it was copied, the week after, into the Philadelphia journals.

After the poem, Messrs. Arbuckle and Levy, the cornetists, played "Old Hundred." It proved a great success, as it had never before been attempted—in a horn.

The Massachusetts gentleman selected for the honor, then read an essay by Thomas Jefferson, entitled

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

This production was replete with witty sayings and wise aphorisms, doubtless very applicable to the time in which it was written, but somewhat obsolete and wanting in point at present. The soda-water fountain was much patronized during this portion of the ceremonies. General Grant sat it out, however, and mentioned afterwards that he considered it one of the finest things he had ever listened to. He inquired particularly concerning the author, and seemed disappointed when informed that he was dead. He would doubtless have enjoyed making Thomas a revenue inspector or an Indian commissioner.

Again the combined orchestra and chorus howled forth. This time it was "Paddle your own Canoe."

Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi,

ORATOR OF THE DAY No. 2,

stepped forward. He remarked that as it was growing late he should not detain them long. At this, those favored ones to take part in the ban-

quet concluding the ceremonies, brightened up wonderfully.

The orator then proceeded to say that this was the first centennial celebration in which he had taken part; he therefore hoped that any shortcoming might be overlooked in consideration of his quick going. He remarked that he came from where the Mississippi wound her silvery length through rich green fields, by thriving towns and mighty cities; that he was a native of the Sunny South, those happy realms where nightingales tuned harmonious song and alligators sported in their lukewarm baths. He mentioned that this was a great country, that the sun rose in the East and set in the West, and that while the snow-flakes fell and whitened all the northern plains, the orange bloomed and gentle breezes blessed the southern groves.

"We are but travellers here," said he, pathetically, "and while we breathe the air and walk upon the earth, we have two duties which should command the energies of our minds, the strength of our arms, and the honor of our souls;—one, to our fathers, those who have gone before—the other to our children, those who have already come and those yet to come after." Mr. Lamar did not exempt bachelors from the latter of these duties, but in eloquent language urged upon all the great mission of an American citizen.

The orator continued for three hours, and 'twas only when darkness fell and the chambermaid came in to light the gas, that he concluded; telling his spell-bound listeners, that, although he had much more to say, he would remember his promise to

be brief, and postpone the remainder of his address until the next centennial, hoping that in the mean time they would ponder well upon the truths which he had uttered.

General Sherman here nudged the President, who had fallen into a gentle spell-bound doze, and who, awaking with a start, rose and said:—

“ And now, by virtue of authority in me vested, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America, do declare this Exhibition open for the transaction of all such business as may be legally brought before it.—Amen.”

The musical fraction ended up with Beethoven’s Twelfth Mass, and “Little Brown Jug” for *encore*, and thus was the

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

inaugurated.

Through the courtesy of the Centennial Managers, we were supplied with copies of several odes, poems, essays, etc., forwarded to the committee by various distinguished authors of this and other countries, and rejected for reasons best known to the committee. Of these we cannot refrain from inserting a contribution from Lord Alfred Tennyson. It is in the shape of a two-act drama, entitled

“GEORGE W. WASHINGTON.”

It has been pronounced by competent judges to be equal to much that Shakspeare did not write. It has been translated into the celestial tongue, and will be produced during the next century at the Theatre Royal, Hong Kong. We understand that Miss Clara Morris is studying the *role* of G. W. Washington.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—WINTER QUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE. *The American Army sleeping on the left side of the stage. Delaware River flowing in the rear. Seven 42-pounders pointed towards the audience (to be discharged if they leave before the curtain falls). A full regiment of cavalry ready to issue R. I. E. Practicable window in flat.*

THOMAS JONES, a farmer, and SAMBO, Washington’s servant, discovered.

SAMBO.

You may not enter—the General snores in sleep;
Sweet sleep, that balm in heaven distilled,
Has fallen on his eyelids.

(Sings) *Low, galoot; speak low, galoot, or you may wake him—
Low, galoot, low!*

FARMER JONES.

Yet listen, gentle knave; a farming man am I
From Jersey. Should’st open now my heart,
Lo, thou would’st find but two words graven on it—
Trenton and whiskey!

SAMBO.

(Sings) *Low, galoot; speak low, galoot, or you may wake him—
Low, galoot, low!*

FARMER JONES.

The keystone of our government is shattered,
The Hessians are in Trenton!

SAMBO.

Methinks some traitor spoke. 'Tis not yet lost.
Send out, send out the constables,
And have them all
Arrested. Egg Harbor is not taken yet?

FARMER JONES.

(Joyously) Egg Harbor is not taken yet!

SAMBO.

Then there is hope. But, hush!—he's here!

(*Washington enters through window and listens.*)

FARMER JONES.

Who?

SAMBO.

Our General—great George Washington!

FARMER JONES.

Oh!!

[*All exit. Curtain falls.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE—STATE-HOUSE AT PHILADELPHIA. *Continental Congress in session, John Hancock in the chair; representatives grouped around; large concourse of citizens in the hall; the back window open, through which a view of Independence Square in flat. Procession passing with flags and banners, and band of music. A political meeting in the Square; also a few Indians lassoing buffalo. Eagle screams as curtain rises.*

JOHN HANCOCK. Ah!

ROBERT MORRIS. Indeed!!

THOMAS JEFFERSON. Possible!!!

JOHN ADAMS. Very remarkable!!!!

[*Exit all the representatives except BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

FIRST CITIZEN. Shall we go too?

SECOND CITIZEN. Go to!

THIRD CITIZEN. For which we should be thankful.

[*Exit all the citizens.* FRANKLIN alone.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From Jersey, New York, Delaware, and Pennsylvania,
 Virginia, Massachusetts, and both the Carolinas,
 These men have come who have but just gone out.
 There's Hopkinson, and Middleton, and Harrison,
 And William Ellery, George Taylor, and Josiah Bartlett;
 Morton, Walton, Joe Hewes, and Willie Hooper,
 And many more; and I am left alone—
 No!—here come Roger Sherman, Gerry, and George Whytte.

(*Milkman sings without.*)

“*Bully for you, Susie,*
Bully for you now,
To go and milk the water pump,
’Stead of the cow.
Chalk is very cheap,
Milk is quite a heap,
Healthier when diluted than it came from the cow.”

FRANKLIN.

I wish I was a milkman; methinks it is a better
 Business than being a philosopher—
 Ah, gentle friends, what news?

(Enter ROGER SHERMAN, GERRY, and GEORGE WHYTTE.)

SHERMAN.

Washington has crossed the Delaware!

(*Chorus outside*) [many voices]. “Washington forever!”

GEORGE WHYTTE.

Lo, he will be our President!

(*Shouts again*) [many voices]. “Three cheers for Washington!”

GERRY.

Who knows?

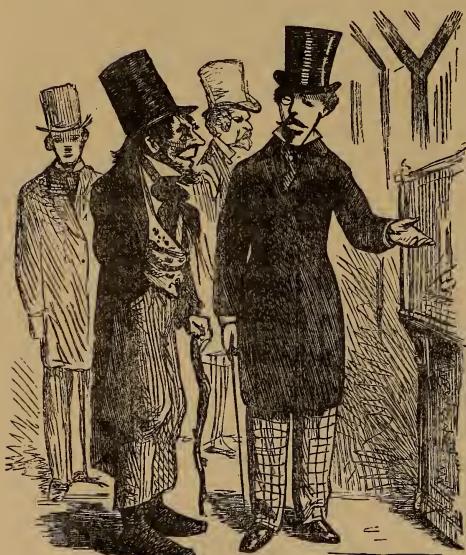
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Let us pray.

(They all kneel, and the orchestra strikes up “Yankee Doodle” as the curtain drops.)

CHAPTER VII.

“THE REFLECTIONS.” . . . SHADOWS, SHAPES, AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM.



OU are standing, sir, directly upon the equator.” Our country cousin jumped aside in terror; his face grew white, his knees trembled, his hair stood on end. It was our first visit to the Main Exhibition Building after its opening, and he had accompanied us.

“Great Heaven!” he gasped, “why did they leave it around here—is it dangerous?” and he backed into an Italian brigand who was strolling leisurely along, “it oughter be in the zoological department,” he added, and peered around for a glimpse of the animal.

We smiled pityingly.

“The equator, our dear cousin,” said we, “is that broad chalk line marked across the floor of the building. It represents the centre of the earth. Here, take the glasses;—now observe,—that main mast or telegraph pole, painted white and decked with ribbons, which you see at the extreme end of the avenue, is a very complete *fac-simile* of the North Pole. Now, turn around;—that clothes prop (kindly loaned by Mrs. Forney) represents the South Pole. At one end, to speak poetically, we have Greenland’s Icy Mountain, at the other, Mrs. Forney’s Coral Strand. Let us take a cursory glance of what lies between.”

We do not propose to give more than the merest superficial account of the wonders and glories of the great display. Everywhere the eye rested it was dazzled with jewels, silver, splendor, and—and—so forth. Striped gauzes, magnificent bronzes, burnished armor, superb laces, fine inlaid work, unique carvings, rich and rare fancy goods, musical instruments, books, acres of useful articles, miles of ornamental productions, food, clothing, and—and—more so forth.

Perhaps it would be best for the intelligent reader to imagine himself, or, more happily, herself, in our pleasant company, cousin and all. But

first a word of warning to the intelligent reader. After many sleepless days, the managers had decided to arrange the nations in geographical order, as far as possible—and to leave the rest to Providence. Therefore the intelligent readers will do well to follow the example of the intelligent authors, and forgetting any geographical knowledge they may happen to possess, leave their rest to Providence also. They will spare themselves many sudden shocks and annoying perplexities. Such, for instance, as this: taking one avenue straight along and passing consecutively through Austria, South Sea Islands, Manayunk, Siam, China, Morocco, Beverly, Egypt, Darby, France, Switzerland, and Tipperary, ending up with Turkey and the Sultan ready, soap and towel in hand, to give the visitor a specimen of his luxurious patent bath. Or, coming back on the other side, to find in one long line, Germany, Sweden, Norway, England, Iceland, Doyles-town, Ireland, British America, Media, and in the corner Japan, where a Mandarin and a Womandarin perform "Hari Kari" every day to illustrate the custom of the country,—the same parties, however, only appearing once in the same performance.

Naturally, our own country claims our first and best attention. From Maine to Florida, from Boston to San Francisco, State after State, city after city, makes its display. In addition to the separate and peculiar exhibits of the States, clusters of identical interests from North, South, East, and West, attest the resources and development of our

land. Let us pause for a moment and examine the display of the

**AMERICAN BANKERS' AND BROKERS'
ASSOCIATION,**

which will serve for an example of these latter.

We find the credit system very cleverly demonstrated. A working man enters into a banking house with his month's earnings nicely tied up in the corner of his handkerchief: a blandly smiling clerk, with well pared nails and laundry linen, receives it and notes the amount in the depositor's account book;—the workingman departs. Then the proprietor enters, gives a portion of the money to his clerk and puts the remainder carefully away—in his pocket. In another apartment, the projectors of a railway company offer a graceful financier one-half of their beautifully printed stock certificates, on condition that he floats the other half. A widow, with the money which she has just received as insurance upon her husband's life, comes upon the scene. She makes known to the banker her anxiety to invest this money securely for the benefit of her helpless family. He magnanimously spares her a portion of the railroad stock, charging her but a small commission for his services. With the balance of his stock as collateral, he borrows money from a national bank and makes a corner in flour. Through the window of this apartment there is a beautifully arranged vista, showing the banker building a magnificent villa and settling it upon his wife. A third compartment contains the closing tableaux:—a meeting of assignees declaring a dividend

of nothing, payable in twelve, twenty-four, and thirty-six months, and the banker stepping on board of an A, 1, steamer, to pass the remainder of his life in ease and luxury among the wonders and beauties of the old world. In this department also, we find a collection of the coins of our country, at which its people look in amazement. A father is endeavoring to explain to his son, a boy of twelve, what these gold and silver pieces were once used for. It is an interesting study in ancient history for the lad, but he is doubting as youth is apt to be, and does not appear thoroughly satisfied that they were ever current money.

We push our way rapidly through the States. Maine has her liquor law, charmingly framed—but we find her Commissioners in Kentucky drinking Kentucky lemonade. Vermont exhibits a green mountain boy; the look in his eye belies his color. Massachusetts presents her genealogical tree. Rhode Island is represented by an immense specimen of inflated bullfrog. New York has on hand her canal ring, blazing with diamonds. Pennsylvania has her Switchback. Delaware another kind of switchback—her whipping post, and here we delay our progress to admire hers. Great bodies move slowly, and the Delawareans have great bodies—but mighty little souls. Their “stocks” are up, however, and they don’t seem to care. We suggest that the Governor of the State and the members of the Legislature be thrashed alternately every hour, to give a general idea of the *modus operandi* to foreigners. Our suggestion is not received in the spirit in which it is offered.

But we do not succeed in completing our trip through the Union this day. Our country cousin brings us to a stoppage by his absurd conduct.

One exhibitor offered him half a pound of mince meat: he devoured it. A Connecticut woman presented him with a small cheese, her own manufacture: it followed the footsteps of the meat. In Massachusetts he received a package of corn starch: he put it serenely where he kept his cheese. We looked upon him in amaze, but said nothing. A New York merchant handed him a small cake of transparent shaving soap. “My golly!” he remarked, “this beats a lunch route,” and he swallowed it whole. A New Jersey farmer offered him a string of dried apples: they went the way of his preceding receipts. A Pennsylvania matron begged him to try a draught of her buttermilk: he complied, and we saw him swell visibly before our eyes. Two ounces of Virginia Baking Powder was the next tribute: he winced a little at this, but—down it went. We tried to stop him, but too late—he just chewed a small stick of South Carolina stove polish, and then the baking powder accomplished its fatal mission. He mentioned that he did not feel very well. We expressed surprise and sympathy. He said he felt worse, and then he tried to smile, but alas, the apples lay heavy on his soul—he couldn’t. He asked if it wasn’t time to go home—he said it was a splendid show, but he thought he’d seen enough of it.

“Come home,” said he, “its dinner time.”

“Why,” we replied, “you’re not hungry, are you?”

He didn't answer; he turned a reproachful glance upon us. We were now in Georgia, and a colored man held out to him a sweet potato pudding. Savagely he turned upon that negro, his eyes rolled wildly, he labored under intense emotions, mingled emotions of cheese, soap, and baking powder, he uttered one long despairing yell and sank down upon the floor. A crowd gathered about him in a second; two or three officials pushed their way through the assemblage and grabbed hold of him. "The first case," they cried triumphantly; "carry him to the Hospital." They bore our poor cousin to the

GRAND INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL,

east of the Main Building, and we followed in tears.

A Turkish physician ran to meet us as we approached the structure. The Turks believe in radical cures—this one wanted to smother our relative between two feather beds. We objected. Two Chinese doctors stopped us at the doorway. One wanted our cousin to swallow three green lizards, the other recommended the immediate extraction of all his front teeth. An Indian medicine man here commenced dancing around us, yelling at the top of his voice, and banging an old tambourine with the shin-bone of an ass.

This was nothing! When we entered the building the international surgeons came down upon us like—like—like "a wolf on the fold." This was the first case, and they were spoiling for a job. Our cousin looked in their eager and varied faces, he gazed upon the assortment

of cutlery flashing around him—his lip quivered—he closed his eyes—and fainted. In less than two seconds that

UNFORTUNATE COUNTRYMAN

would have been dissected, and the doctors engaged in mortal strife above his severed limbs, had not a most diabolical uproar outside suddenly distracted their attention.

We all rushed to the grounds, and a blood-freezing scene of terror met our eyes.

Mr. Lone Shirt, Mr. Full o' the Rye, and Man with the Seven Big Bunions, Esq., the Chiefs of the Indian encampment, had been illustrating their native customs by a sudden

RAID ON THE CHINESE LAUNDRY.

They had attired themselves in the napkins, towels, and nightcaps there contained, painted themselves with the washing blue, burnt down the building, and were just about finishing up things by scalping the startled celestials when we burst out upon them. The Chinese doctors took one glance at affairs, swallowed their lizards, and jumped into the lake north of Machinery Hall.

The Exhibition Military, led by the Marine Cavalry, hurried towards the fearful scene. Would they be in time? The tomahawks of the Indians were raised, their hands grasped firmly the pigtails of their victims—when suddenly—behold! —The savages grew rigid as though turned to stone, motionless they stood with tomahawks still elevated, their hands still pigtailentwisted—

Oh providential chance!—They had swallowed the starch contained in the laundry, and this stiffening was the fortuitous result.

The managers released the half dead Chinamen, and pointed out to Messrs. Lone Shirt, Full o' the Rye, and Man with the Seven Big Bunions, the impropriety of their conduct. When the chieftains thawed limber, they promised solemnly not to repeat anything of the kind, and smoked the liberty bell pipe with the laundrymen.

This incident saved our cousin's life. When we returned to the hospital, he had vanished, much to the sorrow and chagrin of the disappointed M.D.'s.

We did not feel like returning to the Main Hall immediately after this. We thought a stroll through Memorial Hall might be soothing to our system, and so we took it.

Philadelphians familiar with that

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

in old Fairmount Park, which the Park Commissioners persist in styling an Art Gallery, have been bred up to a proper appreciation of the "pageant which rose like an exhalation" before our admiring eyes; upon others, especially foreigners, the effect must have been tremendous.

It is not our intention to criticize the pictures separately, or to draw invidious comparisons between the work of our own and other artists. Courtesy to our late visitors forbids it; and besides, the national peace must be preserved at any cost. We must admit, however, that it struck us that a number of the paintings

might have been improved by a liberal paring at the nails from which they were suspended. Some of the Italian sketches looked to us as though they had been painted with raspberry jam. The *chiara oscura* effect, so to speak, was visibly heightened by the tone of the sombre shades, and the clever intermixture of the mediæval style with the ante-Raphaelite touches—the extreme fulness of the light and motion, and the mellowness of tint, produced, as it were, in the minds of *connoisseurs* like ourselves, the comparison which we have made.

Artists, like fishes, go in schools. Masters, pupils, janitors, scrapers out, and pot boilers. They were all well represented, Flemish, Dutch, Italian, French, and American schools making the most extensive report. We will mention a few of the biggest paintings in the handsomest frames.

Mr. Murillo, a Spanish painter and glazier, sent—in addition to his famous "Madonna"—"The Parable of the Seven fat and Seven lean Cows." This was a six-foot-square job. The seven fats were done in oil—the lean in water-colors.

Rubens was represented by a magnificent head of "Vasco De Gama;"—his feet were too large to frame. The likeness was excellent. Even a stranger, unacquainted with Mr. De Gama, could have recognized it at once—by the name in the corner.

A fine painting of Marat, executed by Miss Corday, was the biggest little gem in the French collection.

France also sent some sacred paintings, among them "St. Anthony's Temptation" and "St. Vitus' Dance."

Great Britain also had two sacred companion pieces—"Christ before the Priest" and "Christ after the Priest."

In the American Department, a superb work entitled "The Salary," appealed most directly to our feelings. It could not have been drawn with more ease by a Vandyke or Paganini.

"Wm. Penn treating the Indians" occupied a prominent corner.

"The Empty Jug" was a pathetic masterpiece, a subject which came directly home to the hearts of many who looked upon it.

For square inches and lavish extravagance in paint, "The Norsemen landing at Vineland, New Jersey," deserved a prize.

Scores of virgins of all styles and sizes adorned the walls. Virgins clad in every costume worth mentioning, and a great many not worth mentioning. They were consigned by the Angelo Factory at Rome.

The sign and fence painters of the United States school made a very fine display.

Rothermel had his patent "S. T. 1860 X." beautifully done in white-wash on the south wall of the building, and Moran, who pays more attention to marine work, had "Seaweed Tonic" tenderly drawn in blue and gold. Bierstadt, the architect, sent a plan for a model brewery.

We felt so completely soothed after seeing this much that we didn't enter the statuary department. We left that for another day, and jumping on a horse-car we made our way over to

MACHINERY HALL.

Imagine all the machinery the world contains in motion at the

same time, and add about five million more machines to that. This will bring you as near the truth as this volume ventures to approach.

Fire, smoke, sweat, and labor; whirring and whizzing, banging and clanging, pounding and puffing, tinkling and jingling. One would think there were seventy thousand horses at work instead of the forty we have mentioned. Everything is being manufactured here—from a tooth-brush to a locomotive; from a latch-key to a wash-boiler. Each workman at a machine is attended by another man placed there expressly to answer questions and be interrogated by visitors. These latter men are carried away and revived every hour.

The famous individual who took a prize at the Paris Exposition, is here with his wonderful machine. You give him a live rabbit, and in fifty minutes he returns you a felt hat and a Welsh stew.

Keeley's Motor was set up here a few days previous to the opening of the Exhibition, but somehow the machine got loose and knocked things into splinters. It dashed through the main entrance, got on the track of the Market Street cars, rushed clean down to the foot of Market Street, destroying everything in its way, and plunged into the Delaware River just eight seconds after leaving Machinery Hall. Workmen were put at dredging for it immediately, and before they gave up hope of recovering it, a telegram was received from Pekin, saying that it had passed through the Emperor's palace, carrying the roof with it, and vanishing into space. From the hour telegraphed as the

time of this occurrence, it was calculated that the machine landed in China just nineteen minutes after it left Elm Avenue. Mr. Keeley ascribed the cause of this freak to one drop of water too much, being in the reservoir.

There was another sort of motor on exhibition, however, which seemed especially attractive and novel to the boys. It consisted of nine strips of leather attached to a wooden handle.

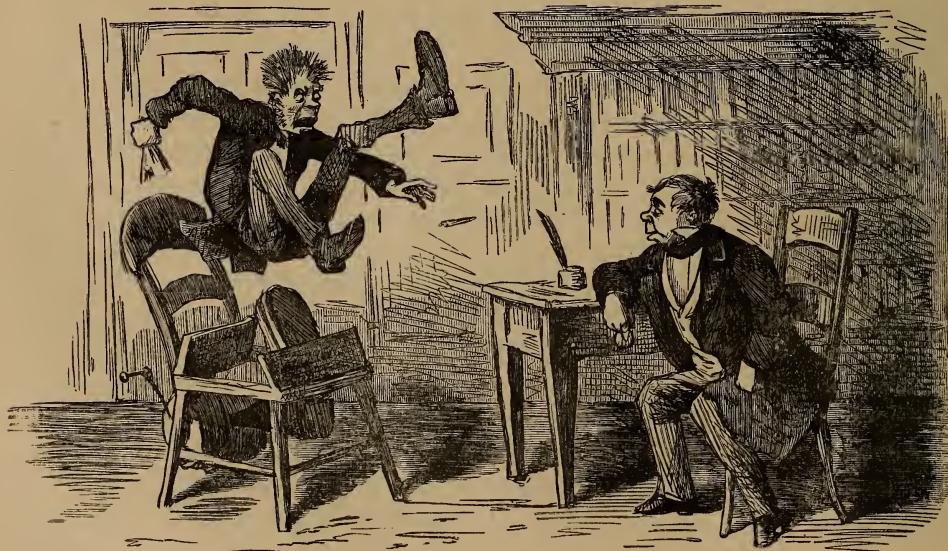
The improved hotel front-tooth-picker was an object of attention in the American department, as was also the automatic hen for laying egg plants.

The patent American awning post rest, a neat pair of extended arms to support a reclining form, was much remarked; and a patent range, "warranted to save half the coal," was very well spoken of: you buy two

of them and you require no fuel at all.

Herring's Hay Making Machine, for making hay in cloudy weather, and Rollin's improved Iron Pump, for the use of newspaper reporters, also deserve mention.

In naming this pump to be used by interviewers, we must not forget an ingenious little instrument invented expressly for the protection of the parties interviewed. It is a silver-plated contrivance, which may be readily fastened to the bottom of any chair. The interviewer is invited to take a seat. At his first impudent remark, a little knob is touched and a flat implement shaped like a No. 22 foot, begins bouncing up and down at the rate of seventy bumps a minute, and before the reporter knows what has happened, the top of his head is interviewing the ceiling of the room.



When he comes down to see what's the matter, this implement follows him to the door, accelerates his pro-

gress down stairs, and giving him a parting bump on the sidewalk, shuts the front door and hops up stairs

again. The papers pooh-poohed this contrivance, but it gained a first, prize nevertheless.

A French apparatus for winding silk out of cocoons was also truly wonderful. While the cocoons are serenely enjoying their dinner or dreaming of the pains and pleasures of the world, a huge bobbin is quietly unravelling their interior department. They don't know what has been going on till they turn around and see the silk dress which has been stolen from them.

We stopped for a moment before a condensed baker, and saw crackers and biscuit baked, buttered, and eaten by steam. This made us think of lunch. We selected the American Restaurant from the many within the inclosure, and entered.

We were politely handed chairs and a bill of fare. The chairs were low,—the bill must have been made out on the top of Sawyer's Observatory, there was no other way to get it so high. The list was printed in three languages, and the customer was expected to pay in half a dozen languages, though only allowed to eat in an a b c. We drank a cup of tea, ate a biscuit, looked at the *Beefsteak à la mode de Paris*, and the *Potatoes fricasse haute nouveate*, sighed, and left our watches in pledge, while we sallied out to try to raise the amount of our bill on our life insurance.

After completing this negotiation at the International Insurance Bureau, we started for the Horticultural Building, but the

MODEL CEMETERY

which we were obliged to pass, suited the state of our feelings so

well that we paused to examine it.

—We soliloquized:—

“In the midst of death we are in life,” said we originally,—“oh death, sweet death, in the midst of all this life are we reminded of thee;—in the excitement and the turmoil thy quietness is here. Lo, the labor of man's hand and the production of man's mind we find about us,—we look, we wonder, we admire, but what, what are these hands and minds to thee? Nothing; nothing save the dust which in thy mill—”

We were interrupted by a gentleman who approached us and invited us to invest in one of his patent coffins. He had any number of testimonials from parties who had used them, stating that under no consideration would they use any other. He said we might try one, and if we didn't like it we needn't feel compelled to keep it. He seemed very anxious to discover whether we had any sickly relatives. He took us through the undertaker's department; showed us shrouds, sombre trappings, gold and silver trimmings, rosewood caskets, all the paraphernalia for a pleasant and comfortable send off. He escorted us through the marble yard, mentioned what kind of a tombstone he thought would best suit our condition, quoted verses of poetry which he thought would make suitable inscriptions, and was really so attentive and persistent that the truth dawned upon us at last;—he was placed there to talk visitors to death and brisken up business for the exhibitors.

HE EARNED HIS SALARY,

whatever it was. He explained the system of cremation, and told us if

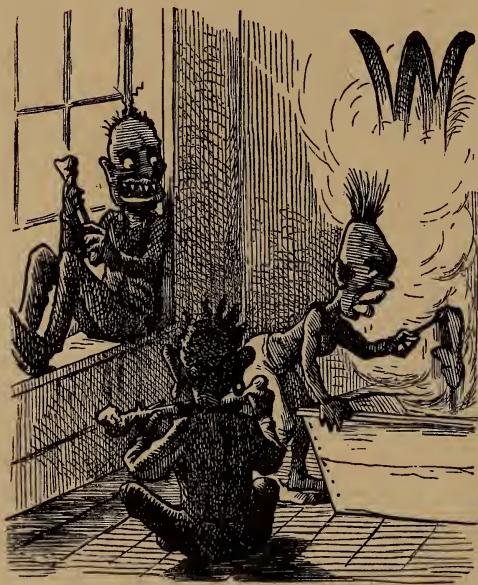
we had any old aunts or grandmothers about the house to bring them down and he would take pleasure in demonstrating its beauties practically. He induced us to purchase three or four little coffins made from the wood in Independence Hall, to be worn as watch

charms ;—“ very sensible mementos of the occasion,” said he.

It was by an almost superhuman effort that we broke from him at last,—we barely saved our lives,—that is all—we walked off a few yards and then—oh, intelligent reader, let us draw the veil!—we ourselves were carried to the Hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE GLOW." . . . WHO HELPED AND WHO ENJOYED IT.



spection where we had discontinued it, but we were subjected to a severe nervous shock the very morning of our reappearance.

The bones of two waiters from one of the restaurants, had been discovered in the bath-room of the Sandwich Island Commissioners, picked clean. The gentlemen of the legation had entrapped these unsuspecting servitors, plunged them into hot water, boiled them red as lobsters, and then made a little feast of them, a reminder of their national banquets. After feeding upon the poor unfortunates, they strewed their bones about the apartment without the slightest regard for neatness or decency. Grief-

stricken relatives recognized the remains by two false teeth and a glass eye which had not been consumed, and two weeping widows gathered up the bones, while five sobbing orphans scrubbed the floor clean. Our government immediately informed the court at Hawaii of this indiscretion on the part of its representatives, hinting that any repetition in the same quarter would be considered a gross breach of international etiquette.

This incident so affected us that we at once applied for readmission to the hospital. It was refused us, and we were obliged to lay off for two days at our boarding house. When we started out again we proceeded at once to

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Our early progenitors having been tillers of the soil, the agricultural display brought to mind the days of our youth and "the old tabby cat that we threw in the well." The turnips reminded us of the warm pressure of a parent's hand; the early apples caused our thoughts to wander to the big peppermint bottle in the kitchen cupboard; in looking upon the luscious ox-heart cherries, we could imagine the bark of our neighbor's dog; the parsnips brought to mind the face of our ancient schoolmistress, the beets recalled to us her blessed ratan, and the sight of the onions finished up things by bringing tears to our eyes.

In addition to productions of the soil, this department contained much of the field machinery for which America is so justly famous—agricultural implements, from an oyster

knife to a haywagon; farm stock, from a potato bug to a prize ox; kitchen garden preparations, from a rhubarb pie to a paregoric dump-ling.

The building was divided into tropics. At one end the tropic of Cancer, named in honor of an American disease; at the other, the tropic of Capricorn, a cereal indigenous to our soil. The other seven tropics were sprinkled between, at regular intervals. The live stock exhibit, belonging to this portion of the Exposition, was most interesting. Little piggy-wiggies with their tails neatly tied in red, white, and blue ribbon; representatives of turkey and shanghai amicably sharing the same Indian meal; horses eating out of silver plated fodder boxes; colts chewing at rosewood hitching posts; animated mutton chops and undevilled kidneys calculated to make an epicure's mouth water; goats, cows, calves, heifers, and most rare of all, real, genuine, spring chickens, the very sort which the poet has so touchingly described in his sweet lines

*"You may fricassee, roast them, or stew, as you will,
But the scent of the egg shell will cling
round them still."*

There was also connected with this department an aviary, containing specimens of agricultural birds, from a bee to an ostrich.

A little corner given up to old women and their herbs was so suggestive as to be painful; we steered clear of it and endeavored to rid our olfactories of the remembrance of catnip and senna, by hieing us to the birds, flowers, perfumes, and

fountains o. Horticultural Hall. On our way thither we passed

THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

We became aware of our approach to this sacred locality, by the Sabbath-like stillness which marked the vicinity. Into the pavilions no male foot was allowed to tread. The sides were of glass, and tickets merely conferred the privilege of looking through the transparent surface. We hinted in the preceding pages at some trouble concerning the erection of this building, and the ladies in a spirit of refined sarcasm, had made it a monument of man's tyranny by building the wooden and iron work of broken broom handles, twisted pokers, and ruptured fire shovels. The cement was mixed with handfuls of short human hair of variegated colors and various degrees of fineness.

Women from all parts of the world were here on exhibition. All colors, nationalities, styles, and complexions, were properly classified and arranged within their respective departments. Each woman was ticketed with a fancy label, on which was inscribed her name, age, nativity, weight, prominent qualities and general record. With a few exceptions in the Asiatic and African avenues, the women were ticketed

“These Goods Not For Sale.”

In the American District, there were some few notices such as

“Applying for a Divorce,

“Four months' Widow,”

“Open for Negotiations.”

The greatest order and most systematic detail was everywhere observable. Each age, from eighteen

to eighty years, had a separate district. Those exceeding the latter age were carefully packed away in the sub-cellars.

Electric wires being attached to each department, General Hawley sat comfortably in his office, and as he touched the springs, the women smiled, frowned, wept, and laughed in concert.

We remained gazing upon this interesting exhibit, until we felt the temptation to break through the glass growing too strong for us, when we continued our way and entered the building sacred to Flora and Pomona, or in other words

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Pansies and violets! Sunflowers and forget-me-nots!! Rhododendrons and daffodils!!! Buttercups and dahlias!!!! Never, never, never, had such a thing been seen before. Every plant and every flower was labelled with its name and peculiarity, just like the women we had left. In some cases this did very well, in others it did very ill. Take, for instance, a single section—nay, but a small portion of the section, the hyacinth department, and see what hurt our feelings.

“AMY; dazzling carmine, large spike.”

“DUCHESS OF RICHMOND; rose color; fine truss.”

“MR. MACAULAY; light green, thin, large truss, watery.”

“MARIA THERESA; striped; perfect form.”

“MADAME DE TALLEYRAND; pure, large compact truss, extra fine bell.”

“MRS. BEECHER STOWE; very showy spike.”

"ANNA PAULOWNA; deep; pure white eye, large truss," and so on.

We know nothing whatever about either spike or truss, but we did not like this publicity of description one bit. Now, "DIEBITSCH SABALKANSKY; brilliant carmine, late," nobody cares about. It makes no difference to anybody save his wife, whether Mr. Sabalkansky is early or late in his habits; but to have the heroines of our dreams, like Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Anna Paulowna, ticketed so slightly, was more than we could bear with equanimity.

We wandered for hours among the grand *Victoria Regias*, the sweet-scented *Heparusa longifolios*, the superb *Gloxianas*, the tiny *Hopdedoodle calaboosas*, and the stately *Acacias*. Fountains of rose-water splashed their sparkling drops among the dense and brilliant foliage; cataracts of soda-water scattered misty bicarbonate sprays upon the ornamental verdure. There were walks of shady palms, groves of graceful maples, African cedars, and South American vines. The hall, like the waist of Athen's maid, was zone encircled. We paused for an instant beneath an India-rubber tree and gave full stretch to our imagination. We wondered what this world would be without flowers—a body without a soul. If the soul of man is God's breath, the flowers are His smile. "Love flowers," we said, imaginatively, to the people around us; "the promises of Heaven are written on their leaves. At births and marriages they are symbols of death, for with the fading sunlight they too fade; but white and pure upon the breast of the silent sleeper, 'tis life they typify, the life which knows no

night—love flowers and teach your children to love them."

Thinking of flowers and children brought to mind the

SWEDISH NURSERY AND KINDER-GARTEN

erected upon the grounds, and we resolved to visit it before nightfall.

We arrived there just in time to witness a good old-time spanking in the Swedish style, which is the Norway of doing it also. Both the delight and labor afforded the two participants in the operation seemed very unequally divided. We heard the schoolboy yell in Swedish, however, and learned how Swedish nightingales were made. The Swedish scholar is evidently not a model, though his school-house may be. But we must admit that the American youth surpasses all others in mischievous precocity. This fact was made painfully apparent just previous to the opening of the exhibition, in the trial of a little boy four years of age, son of one of the Park Guards, for larceny. Judge Finletter occupied the bench. We will insert

THE CASE.

The Park Commissioners furnish a certain quantity of old horse shoes, nails, and scraps of iron, semi-weekly, for the purpose of keeping the fountain of iron water in the Park up to the proper medicinal standard. This material is placed in the charge of one of the guards, and the lad had been in the habit of abstracting quantities of the metal and disposing of it, it was alleged, to the Phoenix Iron Works. This latter

allegation is not yet proven. Should such be the fact, we must deploringly conclude that a large quantity of the iron used in the construction of the Girard Avenue Bridge was obtained from this source. We shall suspend judgment, however, and continue using the bridge as usual until the firm is heard from and the matter settled. The boy was hanged.

We obtained permission from the Superintendent of the Kindergarten to relate this little incident to young Sweden. We warned him against having Park guards for fathers, and demonstrated the pettiness of such a business as selling old iron, when the very highest price to be realized therefrom, under the most favorable circumstances and general state of commerce, is half a cent a pound. The children rose in a body when we had concluded and passed us a vote of thanks, so we left the establishment in the consciousness of duty well performed, and resolved to send our children of the future to Sweden to be kindergartened.

Next morning we started out very early, with the determination of proceeding at once to the Main Building to make a tour among the foreign exhibitors, but our progress was arrested by the most remarkable occurrence ever happening in a civilized country.

The day previous, Alderman Carpenter, of the Central Station, had invited

PRINCE HADJEE SADI CURRYHOTTE,

cousin of the Rajah of India, to drive with him through the Park. The Alderman having been the recipient of much attention from crowned

heads during his recent visit to the old world, desired to reciprocate, hence the invitation. Most unfortunately, however, on approaching the Zoological Gardens, a train of cars rattled suddenly over the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge. The horses became frightened, Carpenter lost control of the animals, the carriage was overturned, and Curryhotte, falling upon his head, was killed instantly. Of course this occurrence caused no surprise to Philadelphians. Upsets and "accidental deaths" in the Park from the same cause are looked for and expected at least three times a week; the trouble arose from the fact that the Prince had his wife in this country with him. As soon as she ascertained that she was a widow, she resolved upon a *suttee*. She called her relatives and friends together and bade them get the funeral pile in readiness upon the

"GRAND PLAZA,"

where the fireworks are usually exhibited. The gentleman in charge of the model cemetery, already mentioned in these annals, was the only Caucasian informed of her intention, and he cheerfully colored his face, donned the flowing robes of a Brahmin, and accepted the appointment of Master of Ceremonies.

Imagine our astonishment at coming upon this scene. The fire was crackling merrily away, the corpse was frizzling a beautiful brown, and the assembled participants were singing Hindoo hymns. The Master of Ceremonies was standing at the head of the flames with the widow in his arms. He was waiting till her hus-

band should be nearly gone before he chuck her on, in order to keep up the fun as long as possible.

“Stop! hold!!” we shouted, as

soon as we could control enough breath to utter the sounds; “stop! We cannot allow any such proceedings—drop that woman.”



The Master of Ceremonies turned upon us fiercely—

“Whose funeral is this?” he asked ironically, and there was a wicked gleam in his eye which plainly indicated that he wasn’t going to be defrauded of his job without a struggle. “Go on with the music,” he added, turning to the Hindoos, who had ceased singing at the interruption, and he raised the widow in his arms ready for the throw. Our bosoms swelled; we were about to annihilate him, when chance intervened to save his life. Some rumor of the contemplated ceremony had reached the ears of the Park Commissioners. Naturally indignant that any such thing should take place in the Park, without their permission being first asked and obtained, they now came rushing upon the ground with their little

fire engine, closely followed by the Insurance Patrol. In less time than it takes to record it, the widow was wrapped up in oil skin blankets, the natives were howling other than hymn tunes, and the fire and Master of Ceremonies were both put out by well-directed streams of water. The latter threatened vengeance. He was the most disappointed man we have ever seen.

Whether war with India will be the result of this interference in a national and religious custom, the future alone can tell. We proceeded upon our way, and entering the Centennial precincts, the world within the palings, we passed a week in inspecting the

FOREIGN DEPARTMENTS.

The foreign display within the Main Building was grand, that out-

side was grander still. Had our minds been one whit less strong, we should have been bewildered by the conglomeration.

Turkish kiosks, Chinese pagodas, Japanese pavilions, Arabian tents, Persian bazaars, Egyptian temples, Mohammedan mosques, Gypsy encampments, and American drinks, enough to confuse any one. Then monuments, booths, fountains, and cigar stands innumerable. We will give one day as an example of our travels.

We enter an Egyptian structure and behold an oriental barber shaving one of his countrymen. Egypt cannot teach us anything about shaving our countrymen; we do not linger here. As we leave the building a Russian britzská, a carriage invented especially for the use of spelling bees, dashes by us drawn by the very cream of Tartar steeds. We catch on behind until we reach a Persian bazaar. We gaze upon the long bearded native men, and the white shrouded native women, busily engaged in their national occupation of going to sleep, and become wrapped up in the shawls of imagination. We are aroused by a wailing outside, cries of grief mingled with curses and lamentations in choice Persian and gum Arabic. The cause of this wailing was soon made evident.

LITTLE JOHNNY SHAH,

heir-apparent to the throne of Persia, in a laudable thirst for knowledge, offered a piece of cake to one of the young lions in the Zoological Gardens. He wished to find out how old he was, by his teeth. The

experiment will not affect the scientific world as much as it did the young Persian. That lion may still be seen picking finger-nails out of his teeth, and as all loyal subjects in Persia are expected to do as their sovereign does, a dispatch sent to Teheran announced the pleasing intelligence, that under the next Shah it would be the fashion to wear but half a finger and a thumb on the left hand. We remain awhile to share the grief of the stricken father and seventeen mothers, and then resume our pilgrimage.

We pause for a moment before the French restaurant, enraptured, looking at the pretty girls and other dainties served up there. We decline the invitation of a Chinese drummer, hanging around to inveigle parties into the restaurant established by his country; with a long rigmarole about "kittens fried in castor oil," and enter the Main Hall.

We land in the desert of Sahara, but desert Sahara and step over to Spain. We look for bright-eyed señoritas, with black lace veils and stringless guitars; we have been educated to expect this in Spain, by the ladies of the "International Tea Party." We are disappointed; we find a few men who look as if they had walked all the way from Madrid, selling wine, fruit, and olive oil. We pass through Portugal; more wine, fruit, and olive oil. We hop through Japan, change a ten cent note for a bushel of their "hard money," and sachey on. We linger for hours in fair France, principally in the Paris department. We saunter through Austria, stopping to speak a word of complimentary encourage-

ment to the Emperor, who looks a little down-hearted, evidently thinking of Vienna; then through Germany and Switzerland, until we reach Great Britain.

She is gay and festive. She exhibits models of all her public buildings, among the most interesting being the tower in which Anna Bowlegs was decapitated. The order of this lady's garter too is very curious, and is exhibited, together with her marriage certificate. The only article sold in this department is

WINDSOR SOAP,

put up in neat boxes, *fac similes* of the castle in which its peculiar properties were first discovered. Victoria and the girls are faithful attendants at the table. They are assisted by Mr. John Bright, the eminent proprietor of a popular kidney disease, and also by the Chief of our Fire Department, who is suspiciously attentive to the oldest of the ladies. We end up our day's travels in Russia. The tardy participation of this power was attributed in some quarters to the exertions of a Mrs. Catacrazy, who was offended by a Washington lady, and took this means, it is said, of "getting even." Such is not the fact. The cause was, briefly, as follows:—

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF

visited this country *incognito* a short time ago, and of course passed a few days in Philadelphia. One day,

leisurely walking through East Park, with his clay pipe in his mouth and his *shillalah* in his hand, he carelessly broke a small spray of green from a bush by the wayside and stuck it in his hat. A careful Park guard saw him and arrested him at once, on a charge of malicious mischief. The Prince remonstrated in choice Russian. The guard, pretending not to understand him, answered in Chaldaic, and dragged him before Magistrate Smith. He was fined five dollars for destroying the shrubbery and ten dollars for speaking disrespectfully to a Park guard. When it was discovered who the offender was, Mr. Wm. M. Bunn, in his capacity as Guardian of the Poor, at once paid the fine. Mr. Bunn explained to the Prince what a valuable country this was, when a foreigner is obliged to pay five dollars for a single green sprig.

Gortschakoff gratefully presented Mr. Bunn with the order of the "Golden Fleece," and regretted that he hadn't another to bestow upon the magistrate.

This and this alone was the cause, and we tell it confidentially to our countrymen.

The tardiness, however, did not materially affect either the exhibit of Russia or the success of the Exposition. Indeed, the French visitors freely asserted that the Exhibition far surpassed the Vienna fair of '72, and the German guests boldly declared, with a unanimous voice, its superiority to the Paris Exhibition of '67.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE FLICKERING." . . . HOW IT DIMMED AND HOW IT BRIGHTENED.



ATHER TIME seemed to be the only Philadelphian who did not deviate from his ordinary course of life during the Exhibition months. He continued sowing and reaping as usual; cutting the blooming flowers from the stem of the year, and counting the sands which carried with them into oblivion, gradually but surely, exhibition, visitors, commissioners, and restaurant keepers. But though his children were unable to prolong a single passing moment, they managed to crowd into each day as much novelty and excitement as would ordinarily suffice for a twelvemonth, and

they got the better of the old man in this way.

To attempt a record of one tithe of the many occurrences deserving immortalization at our hands, would be to meet with failure as complete as that which attended the experiment of Mr. Charles Airy, of Georgia, with his flying-machine, upon the third day of June, 1876.

This young man had communicated with that eminent scientist, Mayor Stokley, about a year previous to the attempt. The Mayor, who delights in encouraging genius of all kinds, promised his countenance to a trial trip of the machine at Philadelphia during the Centennial year.

"I will go with you," he promised, "I, myself, will ascend with you into the illimitable ether; together will we make the attempt, together will we share the glory."

This fact becoming known, Messrs. Daniel Dougherty and George Francis Childs, anxious to imitate so noble an example, entered their names, too, upon the ship's books for the voyage. Airy was happy, and his happiness became delirious joy when, a week previous to the date of departure, he received another application worded as follows:—

"I long to soar above this world of trials. False outwardness weighs upon my heart; the scent of earth smothers the zephyrean impulses of my soul. Take me with you. Yon, yon, into that blissful atmospheric belt where hay-fevers are unknown.

"Confidingly yours,
"H. W. B."

The report of the coming trial of this air-ship spread rapidly throughout the land. Scientific men, railroad agents, and rapid transit speculators arrived in flocks and examined and re-examined the various rods, wires, screws, governors, pistons, cogs, gauges, and cranks. The newspapers, too, were lavish with preparatory puffs. Fate willed, however, that they should not be strong enough to blow success.

The machine was constructed in the shape of an American eagle with outstretched wings. A neat little boudoir was fitted up for passengers between the ribs, and a refrigerator for provisions was suspended from the beak.

The eventful morning arrived and saw an immense concourse of people at the foot of Sawyer's Observatory, from the summit of which the experimental flight was to be made at 10 o'clock precisely. At that hour the inventor was on hand, attired in pink tights and spangles. A note was handed to him by Mr. Sawyer; he read it aloud to the assemblage—

"**MY DEAR AIRY:** I am unable to rise even from my bed, so of course can't go up with you to-day. The doctor has just examined my silvery tongue, and bids me stay at home. He thinks I have been high enough this week, and says, jocosely, having

been on a lark I had better 'shoot the eagle.' I lie here as I write you this note. Better luck next time.

"DOUGHERTY."

Airy was disappointed, and his countenance grew longer when a second note quickly followed the first:—

"Sad and broken are my spirits. I am out of heart to-day, for my hope of flying with you has itself just flown away. My young man has left the office, gone to meet his brother Jim, I must take the advertisements, hitherto received by him. Were I not tied to my Ledger—free upon my native wilds, naught but death could keep me from you.

"Ever yours,
"GEORGE FRANCIS CHILDS."

"Never mind," sighed Airy, "as long as Stokley sticks by me, I don't care." But alas, the hour for starting came and passed, and Stokley put in no appearance. Another hour winged its silent flight, and the people below grew impatient. Thirty minutes more, and the Mayor was still among the wanting. Twelve o'clock pealed simultaneously from the restaurant clocks, always half an hour fast, and the inventor had sadly made up his mind to start alone, when a figure waving a red handkerchief appeared upon the brow of George's Hill. "Ah," shouted Airy, "Stokley at last—I knew he'd come."

The figure hurried on, but soon those upon the Observatory could see that it was not the Mayor. 'Twas a more ponderous form, bare-headed, with a wealth of silver locks floating in the wind.

"Wait for me," it cried, "oh wait for me, I pray!" and ten minutes later the great Plymouth preacher stood grasping Airy by the hand.

"Let smiles, like summer buds, adorn the pastures of thy face—I'm here!"

There was a bustle in the crowd, and the people cheered and cheered again, when it became evident that the wonderful machine was soon to move. The passenger was handed into the boudoir, and the inventor, getting astride of the metallic bird, tucked his coat tails beneath its sacred wings. The excitement below was intense.

"I will wait five minutes more for Stokley," said Mr. Airy; "he will be so disappointed if he finds I have started without him."

Suddenly the telegraphic wires attached to the bird's tail began to work;—a message from Stokley at last.

"Can't come; wife won't let me—*bon voyage*—Bill."

"Let go the ropes," shouted Airy.

The strings were cut from the eagle's talons, and the great machine with a rush and a flutter, rose majestically five hundred feet in the air, and—majestically staid there. Then the intrepid rider began hunting for the screw designed to effect a downward motion, and the passenger in the boudoir began to look pale and anxious. The crowd below saw a little man frantically jerking at wires and springs, turning screws and varying gauges, and a metallic eagle stationery in the air above them.

The inventor's exertions were in

vain; the machine wouldn't go up and wouldn't come down. There hung the noble bird with its noble freight, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt earth and heaven. Night fell and the eagle didn't. The pale moon rose up slowly and calmly, she looked down, and her man seemed to be laughing at the unfortunate aeronauts. A week passed, and the refrigerator being empty, it was dropped from the bird's beak in the hope of effecting a change of position;—but all in vain. That machine became an object of exclusive interest, and hundreds of plans were devised for reaching it, but without avail. Mortars were brought from the Navy Yard and provisions were shot up to the inventor, and bouquets and slippers to his companion. A loaf of rye bread hit the proud American eagle in the eye, and a veal cutlet knocked out the passenger's front teeth. On the twelfth day of their elevation, a rope two miles long, manufactured expressly for the purpose, was tied around the body of a young porker. Piggy was then shot up from a mortar aimed by Mr. A. E. Borie, whose experience as Secretary of the Navy made him best fitted for the delicate and important task. The choice was well made; the porker landed in the passenger's lap and was clasped to his bosom in a convulsive embrace. Then a discussion arose in the air ship as to which of the twain should be first lowered. A penny was tossed, and of course the passenger won. The haggard inventor sighed and submitted to the decree of fate. But the moment the great preacher was out of the machine, while he yet

dangled in air, it collapsed, and before the pitying and astounded crowd could utter the cry which rose to its lips, the wonderful aerial ship was a ton of old metal and straps, strewed about the Centennial grounds. The passenger came down, as he does all things, gracefully, and was caught in the outstretched arms of a delegation of his flock. Mr. Airy was shipped back to Georgia in sunburnt sections, just as he was found, a leg to-day, a thumb tomorrow, and a nose next week. They were still receiving small consignments of him at headquarters at last accounts. Coroner's verdict:—"Too much gas in the balloon to allow it to come down, and not enough to carry it up higher."

This failure cast a gloom over the exhibition, which was not dispelled until the 21st day of the month, when the great "cricket match" was inaugurated.

This was an interesting occasion, long anticipated in sporting circles. The celebrated "Newhall Eleven" was to be pitted against the "All Comers Eleven," for the championship of America, a silver belt and a tin water vessel in the shape of a pocket flask.

The game was called at five o'clock in the morning, upon the International cricket ground in the rear of Horticultural Hall. The "Newhall Eleven" was sent to the bat, Hen and Bill having charge of the wickets, with Herb Meade and Pop Beer attending to the bowls.

Henry began by drawing his leg for one, and continued this surgical operation by drawing his arm for another one, which made two. Bill started off and lost his stump,

which was picked up by Pop Beer, who regretted to find it out. Pete Newhall then came in. By a hit to square leg he made four, and by a miss to round leg, six. The game now became exciting. Three leg bails and two leg byes were scored on Herb Meade, who after following with two wides and one narrow, was relieved by Joe Large. He began with a maiden who brought in a single, double, and triplets in quick succession. Hen Newhall was caught out by Beer, and his brother Tim came to the scratch confident and fresh as a daisy. He gave evidence of careful training, and got in a good cut with his pocket knife. He followed this with a drive through the park, after which several more maidens were gallantly picked up by Messrs. Outerbridge and Wirebridge, when, the crowd being asleep, the continuation of the game was postponed until the next day.

Tim Newhall retired gracefully on a squirmer, and Ike came in on a check, opening with a splendid hit under the ropes beyond the bottle holder, scoring four. Joe Large here burnt his fingers on a hot liner, and Ike, by a hit between long leg and short leg, scored another two. The bowlers were then changed for Messrs. Caldwell and Calledill, and the game proceeded.

The Newhall Eleven continued gallivanting among maidens and wides and byes, until they had scored 202, when the selected eleven went in. They could do nothing, however, against the heavy Newhall bowling. Large, Small, and Medium went out in one, two, three, order. Caldwell caught a ball between his

teeth and held it there while he made twenty-three runs, winning the tin flask for the best individual score, but beyond this the play was weak.

We shall not attempt a chemical analysis of the bowling, but merely give the following record of runs, which contains all that is historical —the result.

<i>"Newhall Eleven."</i>		RUNS.	<i>"Selected Eleven."</i>		RUNS.
George Newhall	20		Joseph Large	0	
Sam. Newhall	19		Ephraim Small	0	
Hen Newhall	18		Manassah Medium	0	
Bill Newhall	17		John Outerbridge	15	
Ike Newhall	18		Jim Innerbridge	14	
Tim Newhall	19		Fred Wirebridge	13	
Pete Newhall	18		Herb Meade	5	
Bob Newhall	19		Pop Beer	4	
Dave Newhall	17		Jake Caldwell	23	
Ed. Newhall	17		Moe Calleldill	11	
Oldhall himself	20		Abe Rooster	2	
Total	202	—	Total	87	—

In compliance with the request of the Executive Committee, this was the only inning played. Too many foreign visitors lost their fortunes in betting to admit of a continuance.

The day after this match things looked gloomy again. The Philadelphia Rifle Club, designing to take part in the International Shooting Match in September, went out to the Park to practise, taking the shield-like boards containing the Park Regulations for targets. In seven minutes four little children were shot dead. 'Tis true they were very little children, and their parents had plenty more of the same kind at home; still the occurrence was unpleasant. Fortunately the Park Commissioners interfered with this mode of practising before any of the sign-boards had been injured. An American Camp Meeting and a Mock Battle were the other prin-

cipal novelties which filled out the programme of the week. We stayed away from the camp-meeting on principle—they kept perpetually passing the contribution box, so of course we know nothing of it, and were not benefited by it. The mock battle, however, was entirely in our line. We come from old Revolutionary stock. The powder box is among our earliest recollections, and we cut our first teeth on bullets. A really first-class mock battle thrills us to the core. We are ready to look on at any time.

The militia encamped in the vicinity of Belmont, and formed during some months of the Exposition, a most attractive feature. The boys, in neat white tents, with carpeted floors, walnut furniture, and spring-chicken breakfasts, endured all the luxuries of real camp-life. They were compelled to rise at eight o'clock every morning, black their

boots, brush their hair, and prepare to meet their lady friends. At 2 P. M. the roll was called, and every man was required to report for dinner; after which, the army drove around the Park in carriages supplied by the Commissioners. Foreign commanders of all grades and nationalities pronounced them the cleanest, neatest, jauntiest lot of heroes they had ever seen. Small wonder that the boys wanted a fight!

The battle was to be followed by a hop. Special invitations by Dreka, on tinted paper adorned with suitable monograms, were sent to the lady acquaintances of the warriors taking part. The ground was well sprinkled with saw-dust for the convenience and protection of the dying and the dead.

At eight A. M., the boys having risen an hour earlier than usual, Col. R. Dale Benson entered the ring and rode around it three times at break-neck speed, amid the tremendous plaudits of a tremendous crowd. In one hand he carried the stars and stripes; in the other, his unsheathed sword. His horse's bridle he held between his teeth. With a final "Houp La," he vanished behind the screen. General Wagner, who commanded the opposing party, then rode in, bowed to the audience, and placed a chip of wood on his left shoulder. Benson returned, minus the flag, and boldly knocked the chip off. This was the signal for the fray. Drums were beat, trumpets sounded; the crowd applauded, children shrieked, women fainted, and amid all the din,—

"Forth from the canvas tent,
Marched the First Regiment,"

while from the opposite side of the field, the Second Regiment and the Jersey Blues approached, preceded by the West Point Drum Corps. Around from the left wing, cautiously moving forward, came the Keystone Battery, each swarthy gunner with a camelia in his button-hole, while the City Troop, bouncing upon their martial steeds, came gaily from the right. Suddenly their captain, Rogers, rushed to the centre of the arena. He waved his sword on high.

"Forward, the *Light Brigade*—Charge for the guns," he said; and, quick as thought, the swarthy gunners were flying like chaff before the wind.

And now broke out the dread roll of musketry, and the air was obscured by the terrible smoke of war. The First Regiment fired four volleys in quick succession, to make the smoke thick, and then fell flat to the ground. Meantime, the Jersey Blues dashed forward with fixed bayonets to recapture the battery and return it to the swarthy gunners, who were now distributed around various parts of the Park. The nervous excitement among the lookers-on became almost too great to bear. Don Carlos of Spain, who was on the grand stand, pulled off his coat and was only restrained from jumping into the ring through the exertions of General Grant, whose own pulse was beating high.

The smoke cleared away, and then leapt into the *mélée* the star of the entertainment, General Philip Sheridan, standing erect upon his bare-backed steed. Shout upon shout greeted his appearance, and it was fully five minutes before the audi-

ence would allow the battle to proceed.

The City Troop stood immovable before the gleaming bayonets of their assailants; the First and Second Regiments popped away at each other with blank cartridges,

and General Sheridan, alone in the centre of the field, uttered the wild blood-curdling whoop which he had learned from the savages, and which stands him in such good service in his married life. Few women could brave a whoop like that.



Such was the position of the field, and victory seemed doubtful upon which banner to perch.

“Surrender!” shouted the Captain of the Jersey Blues.

“Never!” thundered Rogers of the Troop.

“Whoop! whoop!” came thrillingly from the lungs of Sheridan.

“Advance in solid square and flank them on both ends,” commanded Benson of the doughty First.

“Open ranks, trap them into your centre and then close about them,” ordered Col. Neff, of the Invincible Second.

“Whoop! whoop! whoop!” yelled Little Phil.

“Hold one moment,” sounded a deep full voice above all the rest, the voice of Sherman, the umpire; “who’s to win this battle? It’s past lunch time and I should like the thing decided.”

At the word “lunch,” a change came o’er the scene.

“We surrender,” remarked Rogers.

“Whoop!” shouted Sheridan for the last time, and Col. Benson, mounting one of the guns, crowed lustily. The warriors, covered with sawdust and glory, then mingled with the crowd; and when we left the ladies were busily engaged brushing the former from the uniforms of their favorites, who were modestly

receiving the latter in the congratulations of all around them.

We didn't wait for the hop, but learned that it was as satisfactory as the military display.

And so passed the time until that day of days, the Fourth of July, 1876. One hundred thousand Americans, who had not taken part in their country's first birth-day celebration, resolved to atone for that neglect upon this occasion. Statues were to be unveiled, fountain's dedicated, salutes fired, and fireworks exploded. An enthusiastic astronomer predicted that the sun would rise an hour earlier than the regulation time for the season upon this great day, and his augury proved correct.

At four o'clock A. M. the Mayor of the city, who, with the members of Councils, had slept upon the grounds, entered the Main Exhibition Hall, read a few chapters of the Bible from the top of the southeastern tower, and finished up with his usual proclamation forbidding the firing of guns and pistols other than those specially ordered for the salutes. A selected choir of mysterious pilgrims then sang a choice collection of hymns.

At the conclusion of this religious exercise, free lunch and forty thousand loaves of bread were distributed from the steps of Memorial Hall. It was an imposing sight to behold the long line of visitors, who were living here on the European plan, with their tin-pails and baskets, waiting for the loaves and soup.

At seven o'clock the Liquor Dealers' Protective Union proceeded to the Catholic Temperance Fountain, and dedicated the same with appro-

priate ceremonies. The president of the T. A. B.'s turned on the cock, and for the first half hour the magnificent fountain spouted sparkling streams of golden whisky, generously supplied as a pleasant surprise by the Protective Union.

The statue of Christopher Columbus, the jolly salt previously mentioned in this history, was next to be unveiled. It was serenaded by an orchestra of eighty hand-organs, after which the Italian societies and citizens were addressed in their native tongue by the Italian Minister to the United States. He commenced, naturally, with a glowing eulogy upon his immortal countryman—

“Sono rare e fugaci le occasioni grandi, ed è pudenza e magnanimità, quando si offeriscono, l'accettarle,” said he, “and the noble man, whose statue reared by loving hands now stands beneath that veil, took his tide at its flood. Ill mondo è un bel libro, ma poco serve a chi non lo sa leggere, but 'twas a book which was plain to him, a book which he had read, an open page which he had studied.

“Ill sangue nobile è un accidente della fortuna; le azioni nobili caratterizzano il grande. No title greeted his coming to the world, but he left at his exit a name which still lives freshly on every tongue, while hundreds of potentates and their titles are forever buried in oblivion. Raise, raise the veil and let his features smile upon us.”

Amid cheers and *vivas*, the veil was raised; when lo—the committee had made a mistake, and instead of Columbus, the statue of Religious Liberty erected by the Jewish order

of *B'nai B'rith* was exposed to view. The Italian minister was disgusted, and so were the Jewish lodges when they arrived and found their statue already unveiled. They arranged matters amicably, however, and started off with the sons of sunny Italy to discover the great discoverer and let off their speeches at the base of his monument. At ten o'clock there was a grand military review, of which we will spare our readers the account, and at twelve precisely the International Concert in the open air was inaugurated with a symphony by twenty thousand string instruments. Most of the people thought the musicians were just tuning up, so of course the symphony was a success. At its conclusion an awful and unexpected sound startled the assemblage. The earth trembled, and the towering trees bent their haughty heads to earth. The Messrs. Krupp of Prussia, had fired off their mammoth gun. As soon as the report reached police headquarters, a posse under command of Chief Jones started for the grounds and arrested the Messrs. Krupp, their engineers and firemen, for violating the Mayor's proclamation. They passed the remainder of the day in the cells at Fifth and Chestnut Streets. After the excitement caused by this proceeding had subsided, the concert was continued.

The national hymn of each country was rendered by its native artists in appropriate costumes, all at the same time. The Mukdeesha Warblers from the Eastern shore of Africa, made the most noise; and the English singers in their affecting anthem "God shave the Queen," made the most music.

It was four o'clock P. M. before the last howl died on the summer air, and then the crowds began moving towards the "Grand Plaza." Here the display of fireworks was to take place under the direction of Professor Jackson, son of the Professor Jackson who directed the famous fireworks at New Orleans some years previously. One large piece was erected in honor of each State in the Union, and one in honor of each Nation represented in the Exposition. We make a few extracts from the programme (printed on white satin) which was handed to each attendant at the "Plaza," young and old, rich and poor.

21. THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA:—A large Quaker with broad-brimmed hat in blue and gold. His feet represent, respectively, Philadelphia and West Philadelphia, with the Schuylkill River, at white heat, flowing between. The tip of his hat typifies the State House steeple, and Seybert's bell will ring inside while the piece is burning.

40. THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS:—Gold, silver, and currency flames, with violet lights in relief. The commissioners in red, white, and blue, with stars darting from their eyes, distributed judiciously through the piece.

54. THE LION AND THE EAGLE LYING DOWN TOGETHER:—Symbolic of the peace 'twixt England and America. N. B. The Eagle is inside of the Lion.

72. PEARLS BEYOND PRICE:—A golden oyster opens and emits in order the coats of arms of the thirteen original States.

84. A GOOD PUFF:—A mammoth cigar, which, shedding its outer

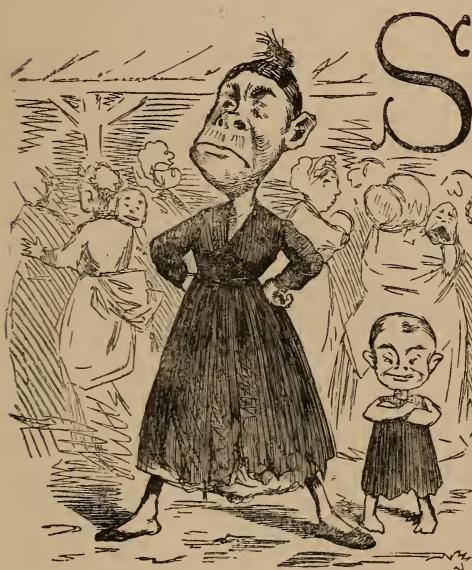
wrapper, will reveal the form and features of General Grant in blue blazes.

At 5.15 o'clock, Professor Jackson thanked the Lord that all his preparations were completed; at 5.20 the Lord responded with the heaviest shower of rain witnessed since the

deluge. It exceeded Mr. Jackson's usual showers, in the same proportion as this spectacular effort was to have exceeded his former pyrotechnic exhibitions. The fire-works were turned to water-works, and the crowd sadly and slowly worked its passage home.

CHAPTER X.

"THE SMOKE." . . . HOW IT WENT UP.



ERE and yellow grows the leaf in these closing pages of our volume, and in now recording the last doings in connection with the Exposition, we would have such a splendid opportunity for enlarging upon the mutability of mundane affairs, that we regret having neither the space nor contract for moralizing. We feel that we could say something striking, something original, something to be remembered on the reader's deathbed, as a balm and consolation—but alas, prosaic publishers forbid; they will not allow us to inscribe words which might make death appear desirable.

On the tenth day of September the charge for admission to the Exposition was reduced one-half for the time of its continuance. This action occasioned a great influx of European nobility and gentry, parties who had been waiting for the reduction, and the extreme capacity of the various steamship lines was taxed for their accommodation. Baron Rothschild, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and the Marquis of Lorne were among those who gave a new spurt of brilliancy to the affair. The poor Greeks came too, during these months, and their eminent countryman A. T. Stewart also made his first appearance upon the grounds.

By this time most of the potentates had departed. We had become so used to affecting farewells, that the tears started voluntarily to our eyes

whenever we chanced to hear a steamboat bell or a locomotive whistle. Only one of the potentates left without paying his hotel bill, a most gratifying fact. We refrain from mentioning his name out of consideration for his family.

Things in general, out upon the grounds and in the buildings, began to look seedy, and the combined action of the Chinese and Japanese Commissioners, in summarily shutting up their portion of the show and going home, was productive of a general feeling of listlessness, a sort of forewarning of the end. We are sure that everything was done that could be done to please these pigtailed and pig-headed Celestials, but the fact is, the old boy himself couldn't satisfy them. We have no desire to record anything harsh, but we deem it our plain duty to state clearly, for the vindication of our beloved country in the eyes of posterity, what really occasioned this sudden move.

Every candid reader will admit that it could by no possibility prove an easy task to supply, for the many varieties of visitors of such different tastes and habits, a full and liberal allowance of palatable food, such as that to which they had been accustomed. After the episode of the Sandwich Island Commission which we have noted, the gentlemen of this delegation were given free run of the anatomical departments of Jefferson Medical College and the University, and the Executive Committee congratulated itself that they, at least, were provided for. And so they were. No more waiters were missed during the entire time of their

stay. But suddenly, there was a revolution at the "Globe Hotel" and a mutiny at the "Transcontinental."

Day after day had the stewards of these hotels scoured the Callowhill Street, the Spring Garden Street, the Girard Avenue, and *all* the city markets with terrier dogs and shot-guns, hunting rats to be served to the Celestials at their establishments. Traps, too, were placed under each stall; in short every luxury the markets afforded in this line was prepared for them, and the products of thousands of private traps were generously donated by patriotic citizens, and yet the supply was not equal to the demand. Our visitors found a peculiar fascinating flavor in the American rat, and it became absolutely impossible to satisfy them. Then, too, the candles at these hostleries disappeared in a rapid and mysterious manner. Mysterious until one fatal Wednesday evening, when a Mandarin of the first rank, who was entitled to wear six swords and able to swallow the half dozen at once, and who consequently ought to have known better, was discovered with a box of penny dips under his flowing robes, making his way stealthily up the cellar steps at the "Globe." The very same evening a great commotion was raised at the "Transcontinental" by the discovery of Gail Hamilton's lapdog, stewed in kerosene oil, in the private chamber of the Secretary of the Chinese delegation. As might be expected, the visitors joined cause, braved the thing out, and declared that they were being starved, and were forced to this action to sustain life. Then,

packing up their goods, they left indignantly in a body.

Reunions and conclaves, however, and meetings of national and international, social, philanthropic, medical and scientific bodies, kept things tolerably lively, and the month of October was really brilliant. There was a horse show, a cattle show, a dog show, and a poultry show. There was to have been a baby show too. In fact, it was announced and arranged, but was broken up on the very day of opening by a terrible battle among the mothers.

This battle was consequent upon the arrival of a

MRS. McDUFF,

with a red-headed and cross-eyed infant.

“Begurra, what are ye doin’ here? go home wid ye,” was her greeting to the fond mammas seated in the live-stock yard of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. with their babies in their arms. “What’s the good o’ ye a sittin’ here, compating wid me Mickey?—arrah, luk at the child and tell me where’s his ekul—sure there’s nary one among ye has a baby fit to go ‘longside o’ him, wid his beautiful awburn hair and the shwate smile atwixt his eyes—go home wid ye, go home!”

And, rolling up her sleeves she improvised a war dance.

After four buckets of gore had been spilled, the managers adjourned the exhibition, giving every survivor, without exception, a gold medal. Under the circumstances this was their wisest possible action.

Of all the live-stock exhibitions the dog show was the most success-

ful. The International Exposition would have been sadly wanting in completeness if the faithful companion of man had been denied a place and recognition within its hallowed precincts. He had a place. The R. R. Drove Yards were arranged in tiers, after the style of *La Scala* at Milan, only, instead of accommodating but thirty-six hundred spectators, the drove yards accommodated, easily, as many thousands. We know of nothing to which this show can be likened save the dog pound in August. Wherever the lorgnette or opera glass was directed, spaniels, poodles, bloodhounds, terriers, pointers, setters, and bone-crunchers of every species, from the board yard mongrel who never earned an honest meal, to the noble St. Bernard who saves a life every morning before breakfast; from the lady’s pet with his golden collar, to the pugilist’s bull-dog with his iron chain, met the gaze and bewildered the senses. Every dog had his day with him, tied up in tissue paper, and it was a pleasing sight to notice—at a distance—the wistful eye with which many of the canines followed the forms of plump visitors, and the broad grin with which they greeted a well-developed thigh.

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA

was the last affair of prominence, save the distribution of prizes, directly connected with the Exposition.

During the entire Spring and Summer our local boat clubs had been in active training, sitting on the ornamental balconies of their houses, smoking good cigars and

telling bad jokes; but they generously vied with one another in the attention bestowed upon visiting clubs, sustaining well the reputation for hospitality usually accorded to jolly watermen.

The 12th day of the month was the great day of the Regatta, the sports opening with a single scull race between the commodores of the leading American navies.

Early in the morning Commodore Ferguson, of the Schuylkill Navy, might have been seen cruising up and down the river, in his flag-ship, the old frigate "Constitution." In one hand he held a long stick with a hook at the end, which he used for fishing old boots, hats, and other obstructions from the stream; in the other he held a pair of opera glasses. These he raised now and then to his weatherbeaten eye, inspecting ratline, spar, spike, mast, shroud, windlass, and jib-boom of the fleet under his command. The fish from the river had been removed temporarily to the aquaria in the Zoological Gardens, and the Turbine wheels were reversed to pump water into the river from the reservoir, so that the boats might not run aground too easily. Both sides of the river, along the entire course, from the Steamboat landing to Rockland, were actually lined with spectators. Ensigns, pennants, signal flags, and streamers were flying from every available point, and old Sol smiled down graciously from above, with his time honored face newly burnished for the occasion, and reflecting its own happiness in the splashing water-drops below.

First in position was James Gordon Bennett of New York, stripped

to the waist, with only a scarf of Scotch plaid thrown negligently about his editorial form. This poor young man makes his living by rowing and walking matches, literally the sweat of his brow, and the sympathies of the crowd were with him. He was in a paper boat, made of old "Heralds" and weighing just nine pounds. On his left was Mr. Lorillard, in a skiff made of pressed tobacco leaves. Occasionally he leaned over to the edge of his boat and bit a piece out. Commodore Forbes of Boston, was seated in the identical boat used by Paul Revere when he rowed from Lexington to Boston to give that alarm Mr. Longfellow wrote about, and Commodore Kingsland had a silver boat. His colors were blue, and he looked his colors all over when he glanced towards Bennett. Commodore Dickinson of Brooklyn, was accompanied by his sister, Anna E., as coxswain; this being required of him on account of the family light weight; his colors were green.

At precisely half past ten, Commodore Ferguson fired a brick into the river, which was the signal agreed upon, and the half score of contestants, after the usual salute, dipped their oars and made such a splendid start that it was vociferously *encored*.

Secretary Robeson took the lead, closely followed by Bennett, the latter being hotly pressed by Forbes of Boston. Then McGinnis of St. Louis, made a spurt, got alongside of the "Herald," which was soaking up water like a sponge. The race was now bow to bow for a few seconds, when O'Brien of Chicago, got rapidly forward. Robeson would still have had a good lead if the



boats had been on the return trip. Opposite the Girard Bridge Commodore O'Shaughnessy of Baltimore, fouled Commodore Riley of New Orleans, and the other contestants being in the rear, the race narrowed down to Bennett, Lorillard, Forbes, and McGinnis. Near the Columbia Bridge, McGinnis ran his penknife through Forbes of Boston's hub, and though Lorillard promptly tendered a plug from his vessel to stop the leak, this delayed all but the irrepressible Bennett, who won the race in 23 minutes 33½ seconds. This, strangely enough, was the same result which had been published in the "N. Y. Herald" that same morning, five hours before the race began.

There remains now but little more to record. "Screw up your courage to the sticking point" (sticking things into the fire), for we shall soon part, mayhap to meet no more in print. We are happily permitted, however, before concluding, to add

weight to the oft-repeated assertion that HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. Let sceptics reading what follows, change the current of their unbelieving thoughts.

Now the end of the days of the Exposition was drawing nigh, and it came to pass that the chief of all the city's people dreamed a dream.

And lo, in this dream he beheld a man sitting lonely upon a lump of frozen water; his features were set and stern in mould, and icicles dangled from the tips of his fingers and his nose.

And it seemed to the chief that he heard in his dream a voice, and the voice said, "Woe!"

Yea, "woe to those who have done this thing, who have placed me here in this frigid spot and forgotten my existence."

"When they die may their noses long for icicles and long in vain, may their parched tongues cleave into the gum roofing of their mouths, and in their misery may they think of me."

And the chief man rose up early in the morning and summoned before him, Mr. Sampson, the interpreter of the court, and related to him his dream.

But the interpreter shrugged his shoulders,

and muttering, "nix firstay," he retired to his studies of the mystic and the profound.

But it happened that when the city's organs published the dream, the minds of men reverted to their solicitor in the vaults of the Knickerbocker Ice Co., and the interpretation of the dream was clear.

And the hearts of men were moved to pity and impulses of compassion, and they desired that the incarcerated man might view the fading glories, which in their brilliancy, had gladdened his fellow-citizens.

And the chief called his counsellors together, and Bardsley the son of his father rose up and spoke. "Listen, ye pilgrims, to the words of wisdom which fall like wild honey and locusts of the wilderness from my lips!"

"Behold, the days of the Exposition are not yet quite done; it is still unsafe to risk this man's attendance thereat; but lo, I would suggest a plan whereby we may display in safety our compassion.

"Let him ascend to the top of Sawyer's Observatory, and from thence look down upon the grounds, even as Moses of old looked down from Nebo's Height upon the Holy Land."

Yes, reader, it seems almost beyond belief that the lion-hearted solicitor should have been forgotten. That the city managed to worry along for six months without his supervision, is one of those mysterious chances which may only be explained when the light of history and careful, unprejudiced investigation shall, in the far distant future, illuminate the cobwebbed darkness of ages long then past.

As Bardsley suggested, so was it done. A committee was appointed with power to act, and at high noon one clear, bright day, while special thanksgiving services were being chanted in all the churches, the General's congealed form was hauled out of a wagon, with golden ice nippers, and landed safely on the flag

pavement of Independence Hall. A gentle fire of rosewood shavings and sweet cacia wood was built around him, and he was gradually and tenderly thawed out. The coat of ice melted away; the water dripped from all portions of the herculean frame, the fog, mist, and steam generated by the process cleared away, and

CHARLIE WAS HIMSELF AGAIN.

While he was still receiving the congratulations of his friends, the contractors who were required to remove the buildings approached, and publicly offered him one hundred thousand dollars to remain in his own dwelling until the close of the exhibition and then go out to the grounds and cause a final crash. This, of course, would save them immense time, labor, and expenditure. With the dignity of Cæsar on the Lupercal, he drew his form to its full height, and casting one look of disdain upon the contractors, who instantaneously disappeared beneath the flagging to rise no more, he walked slowly up Chestnut Street, followed by the plaudits of an enthusiastic mob.

THE AWARDS OF THE JUDGES,

though of immense importance, are of especial interest only to the exhibitors. Others desirous of posting themselves on this point, are referred to the musty, fusty rows of figures and statistics which will soon flood the American rag market. Two cents a pound is not an exorbitant price for information which is at all desirable. From the list of nine

hundred and eight foreign and domestic judges, we will merely select the following familiar names:

—Ludlow, Thayer, Biddle, Dwight, Paxson, Hackett, Cardoza, and Finletter; Dr. Mary Walker, Prof. Proctor, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Bret Harte, Lydia Thompson, Wm.

Gladstone, Elwood Rowan, Gen. Garibaldi, Susan B. Anthony, and the Marquis of Lorne.

As the style of report was similar in all cases, an example will give a general idea of the plan adopted. The scriptural quotations were altered to suit each instance.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."		No. 1724. "Persian Roach Powder."				"There is death in the pot."	
No. in class.	Rank in class.	Attendance.	Punctuality.	Liberality.	Misconduct marks.	Marks of appreciation of Judges' services.	Grand Total.
427	426	10	10	\$12.75	5	12 boxes.	2165

—Three Gold Medals—

Parent or Guardian will sign here

"LORNE"—Judge of Roach Powder and Mother-in-Law Departments.

The only squabble among the judges was concerning the report on American fried oysters. Councilman Rowan and Premier Gladstone indulged in some marked personalities. They might have come to blows but for the prompt intervention of Miss Lydia Thompson and her little cowhide. She cornered the belligerents. Mr. Gladstone apologized to our distinguished councilman over a dish of the matter in dispute, and they compromised on two gold medals and an honorable mention.

And now—

When the hands of Nature began stripping the foliage from the trees, the hands of man began stripping

the decorations from the gay palace-like structures which had been the theatre of the world's interest for six memorable months. Like the possessions of that happy but mythical "family declining housekeeping," the hope and mainstay of the cheerful, chirping auctioneer, little by little, piece by piece, the furniture and contents of the great buildings were going-going-gone!

The white beard of Winter covers our beautiful Park; he has laid his icy hand upon the quiet stream which dances happily in the Summer days between its green fringed banks; the tall trees stand bare, looking into the gray-faced sky, and the jingle of sleigh-bells dies away in

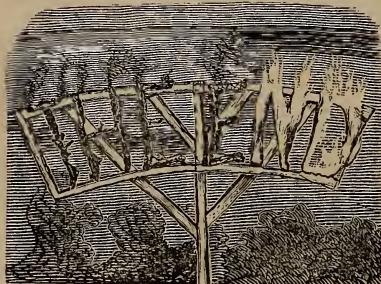
the hollows, and rings out sharply o'er the frozen roads. The busy noise of Machinery Hall is hushed and forgotten; if you wish to hear the humming and the buzzing of a few weeks back, you must e'en apply to a humming-bird or a buzz-saw. The cries of the different animals from the vicinity of Agricultural Hall no longer reach the ear, no matter how long the ear may be, and the scent of a million flowers from Horticultural Hall no longer steals the senses. The stealing is all over; the visitors have all gone home.

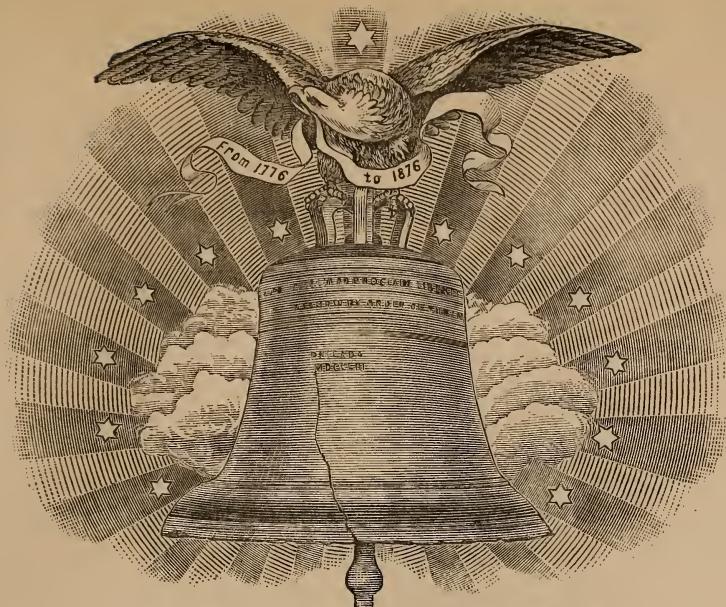
Our country has had her holiday,

and, donning her honest homespun suit, she goes quietly, surely, and confidently to work upon her second century. 'Tis but her babyhood which has passed into years gone, and yet—she has proved herself a man.

Let us not endeavor to lift the veil which marks the boundary of the present. Blessed are the eyes which have seen these glories past, for many anticipating eyes grew closed and dulled before the fire blazed. Dear reader, as its smoke is carried upward and beyond, reluctantly we say—

“Farewell!”





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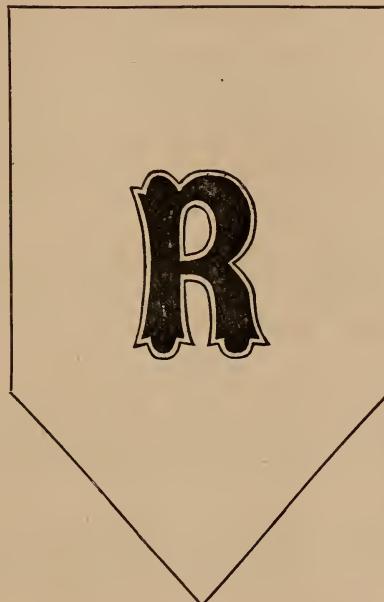
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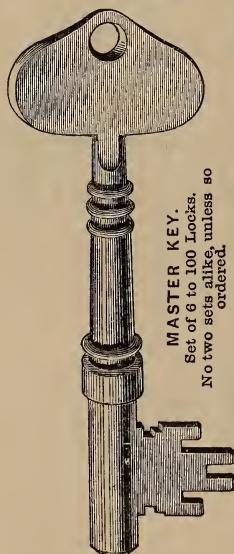
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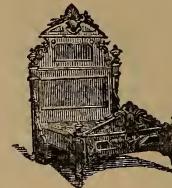
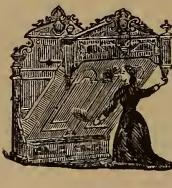


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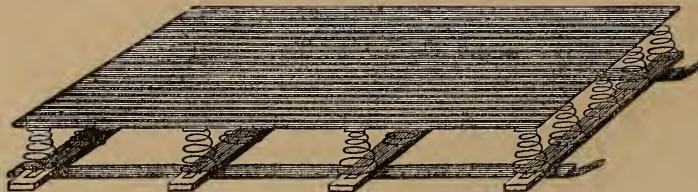


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